

THE PAN-AM GAMES

Sports Illustrated

JULY 23, 1979

\$1.25

HOW CLOSE
IT WAS!

Nolan Ryan Just Misses
A Record Fifth No-Hitter



Discover
Arctic Lights
—more menthol refreshment than
any other low 'tar' cigarette.

Full menthol refreshment. That's what ARCTIC LIGHTS delivers.

A very special kind of menthol refreshment you just won't find in any other low 'tar' menthol cigarette.

You see, while the filter holds back 'tar,'

the unique new ARCTIC LIGHTS menthol blend comes right through. Result? You get the iciest, brightest taste in menthol smoking—puff after puff. Light up your first ARCTIC LIGHTS. **You just won't believe it's a low 'tar' menthol.**

Arctic Lights: Kings & 100's

© 1979 B&W T Co.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

The full-size Buick LeSabre is a very nice car.



So, how far will that get you today?

Oh, about **450** miles in the city, or **675** miles down the highway on a tank of gas.

NUMBER OF PASSENGERS	INTERIOR VOLUME INDEX	TRUNK CAPACITY	WHEELBASE	EPA EST. MPG. CITY	EPA EST. MPG. HWY	FUEL TANK CAPACITY	RANGE (MILES PER TANK OF FUEL.)
6	111 in.	21.2 cu.ft.	115.9 in.	18	27	25 gal.	City- 450 Hwy.-675

Buick LeSabre. Not only will it go a long way on a tankful, it's a car so roomy, so luxurious, so quiet and so comfortable, that you'll thoroughly enjoy the trip. See your Buick dealer soon. And take a LeSabre for a good, long test-drive.

Remember. Compare the boxed estimates to the estimated mpg of other cars. You may get different mileage and range depending on your speed, trip length and weather. City mileage and range will be less in heavy city traffic. Your actual highway mileage and

range will probably be less than the estimated highway mileage. EPA estimates vary in California. See your dealer for details. An estimated cruising range of **450** miles based on EPA-estimated mpg (city) mileage rating

and 675 miles based on EPA-estimated highway mpg. These range estimates are obtained by multiplying LeSabre's fuel tank capacity rating of 25 gallons by the EPA estimates

Buick LeSabres are equipped with GM-built engines supplied by various divisions. See your dealer for details.



XEROX ANNOUNCES A BREAKTHROUGH OF TRULY MINOR PROPORTIONS.



Introducing the Xerox 2300.
It's the smallest new Xerox copier you
can get.

But:

It's faster than some bigger copiers. You get
your first copy in just six seconds.

It's more versatile than some bigger copiers.
You can copy from bound volumes—or on mail-
ing labels, transparencies and different size paper
without changing the paper tray. Everything
from 5½" x 8½" billing statements to 8½" x 14"
legal documents.

It's backed by the largest service organiza-
tion in the business. And it carries the smallest
price tag of any new Xerox copier.

The Xerox 2300.

It's very big for its size.

XEROX

Buying a new GM car or truck? Don't settle for less than the GM service plan. Here's why.



By comparing the General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan to any other plan, you'll see why we believe it offers the best service plan value available. Just ask the questions below and we think you'll agree that GM owners shouldn't settle for less.

1 Why a service plan in addition to a warranty?

Today, more and more GM buyers are buying the GM Continuous Protection Plan with their new GM car or light duty truck. The reason is simple: With the GM Plan you get added repair protection against the cost of unexpected repairs plus reimbursement for rental and towing expenses during and after the GM new vehicle limited warranty period. (Not available in Nebraska now.)

2 Are all service plans alike?

Absolutely not. With the ever growing popularity of service contracts, there are more and more plans becoming available. But do be careful. They are not all alike and GM wants you to know exactly what you're getting.

3 What components are covered?

Few if any plans provide coverage as extensive as General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan. The GM Plan covers nine major assemblies including the engine, transmission, front and rear drive axles, steering, front suspension, brakes, factory

installed air conditioner and unlike most other plans, the electrical system. Also, GM covers seals and gaskets, a provision not made by many other plans, and one that could be important to you.

4 What is the provision for rental expense?

Some plans offer no rental expense provision. Others offer it only in case of failure of specified covered parts. Some pay less than General Motors. None pay more. General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan offers an allowance towards the cost of a rental car or truck in the event yours is inoperable and must be kept overnight for repairs of any failure covered by the GM new vehicle limited warranty — and offer the warranty for failure of any components covered by the plan.

5 Is there an allowance for towing and road service?

Some plans don't provide this very important benefit. GM, however, provides an allowance for towing or emergency road service in the event of covered parts failure for the duration of the contract — and during the new vehicle limited

warranty period if your car is disabled for any reason — even if you have a dead battery, flat tire, or lose your keys!

6 Is there a money-back offer?

With some plans you don't get a money-back offer, others only give you 30 days.

General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan lets you cancel within 60 days of purchase and receive a full refund provided you had no claim under the plan. Also, if you sell or trade your car you can even get a pro-rata refund.

7 Where can this plan be honored for service?

Some plans are honored only where you bought the car. General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan is honored at over 12,000 dealers across the country at a repair facility of your choice — a big plus, particularly if you frequently drive far from home.

In summary, few plans offer all these important provisions, so check carefully before you buy. With the very broad protection offered by the GM Continuous Protection Plan, we think it offers the best value you'll find.

See your General Motors dealer today for complete information on the GM Continuous Protection Plan. **Takes care of you as well as your car...As well as your light duty truck...As well as your van.**



Be there!

Re-live last season's most spectacular baseball!

Replay last year's pennant race with all the teams! Over 700 statistically-accurate player cards reflect real-life performances of current players. Unique "fast-action" system guarantees realism without sacrificing managerial strategy. With you as manager, any team can win. Also great solitaire game!
\$15

MAJOR LEAGUE

76 Player Card Set (for owners of last year's game)

\$7



Thrill to Indy's challenge!

Championship auto racing game includes statistically-accurate driver cards of each of Indy's 33 qualifiers in the 500! Sanctioned by USAC. Drivers perform in the game as in reality. Reverse of each driver card contains full-color photo of driver (collectors' items for aficionados.) Good party game for as many as 33; also ideal solitaire fun!

\$12



**AUTO
RACING**



Vie for championship sailing status!

The best of yacht racing without getting wet! Employs all of the real-life maneuvers and strategies of tacking, beating, running, beam and broad reaching, blanketing, luffing, spinnaker use... for 2 to 6 players. Includes scaled-down metal sailboats and buoys. The most exciting way to experience this classic sport without purchasing a yacht!

\$15

Regatta

Sports Illustrated is a trademark of Time Inc.
© 1987 Regatta, Inc. All rights reserved.

COMPLETE COUPON & MAIL TODAY

Avalon Hill/Sports Illustrated GAMES FOR ALL SEASONS

☐ **FREE** full-year subscription to **ALL-STAR REPLAY** magazine (or extension of current subscription) with mail-order purchase of two or more games.

\$6723

Mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Games**

Dept. SI-A, P.O. Box 3640, Baltimore, Maryland 21214

Send me the items ordered

I enclose an additional 10% for postage and handling

Name Date

Address

City State Zip

☐ Check or money order enclosed to **The Avalon Hill Game Company**

Bill ☐ AMEX ☐ MASTER CHARGE ☐ VISA Interbank No.

Expiration Date Account No.

Signature

NEW:

- ☐ **Major League Baseball** (\$15)
- ☐ **USAC Auto Racing** (\$12)
- ☐ **Regatta** (\$15)
- ☐ **1987 Top Team Cards** (\$7)
(for Paydirt owners)
- ☐ **20 "Bowl Bound" College Team Cards** (\$7)
(includes 76 Alabama & 73 Penn State)
- ☐ **48 "Super Star Baseball" player cards** (\$3)
(Gundry, Rice, Jackson, etc.)
- ☐ **76-79 NBA Basketball Player Cards** (\$7)



PLUS:

- ☐ **Baseball Strategy** (\$12)
(based on pure managerial skill)
- ☐ **Critique Football** (\$12)
(test of coaching skill)
- ☐ **Baseball Strategy** (\$12)
(game of thunks & double thunks)
- ☐ **Win, Place & Show** (\$12)
(most skilled racing before wins)
- ☐ **Speed Circuit** (\$12)
(features 3 Grand Prix tracks)
- ☐ **Bowl Bound** (\$12)
(pits 32 best all-time college teams)
- ☐ **Football Strategy** (\$12)
(considered best pure strategy game)
- ☐ **NBA Baseball** (\$15)
(authentic statistical replay game)
- ☐ **Superstar Baseball** (\$12)
(166 greatest players of all time)
- ☐ **Challenge Golf** (\$12)
(replay famous Pebble Beach)
- ☐ **Paydirt** (\$12)
(includes entire past year season)
- ☐ **Go for the Green** (\$12)
(conquer world's toughest 18 holes)

ALL-STAR REPLAY quarterly magazine
☐ one year subscription (\$5)
☐ two year subscription (\$9)

Rick Barry, Inventor.

When Rick Barry helped us create the adidas Top Ten basketball shoe, he knew it would have the severest critics of all: the U.S. "Top Ten" players.

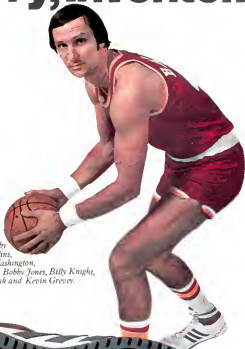
Rick pressed for every advantage. He insisted we develop the upper with a special Foreflex™ cut that lets the foot flex easily and in the correct position. And had us add an Ankle Saver™ support system for increased protection.

He had us remove a semi-circle from the heel-counter to prevent heel irritation.

He watched as we perforated the toe area to ensure proper ventilation.

And he demanded we build the deep herring-bone sole with a turning disc and a serrated edge for softness, traction and flex.

Then Rick tested our adidas Top Ten on the "Top Ten". They all gave it their seal of approval. Now all we need is yours.



*The adidas Top Ten is worn by
"Top Ten" players Doug Collins,
Marques Johnson, Kermit Washington,
Adrian Dantley, Bob Lanier, Bobby Jones, Billy Knight,
Sidney Wicks, Mutch Kupchak and Kevin Grevey.*



adidas 
The science of sport

BOOKTALK

By JONATHAN YARDLEY

WITH EDWIN NEWMAN'S 'SUNDAY PUNCH'
YOU CAN COUNT THIS REVIEWER OUT

Edwin Newman is a bright and amusing fellow who has had a noteworthy career as a television correspondent for NBC News and who has written two successful books about the uses and abuses of the English language. Although those are worthy accomplishments, they don't qualify Newman to write fiction. For the embarrassing evidence, see his novel *Sunday Punch* (Houghton Mifflin, \$9.95).

On the dust jacket the novel is billed as "light, dry, sparkling." Would you believe "loaden, soggy, flat?" For that most inveterately the proper description of *Sunday Punch*, a silly little book that probably would never have seen the light of day were it not for its author's well-known name.

Sunday Punch has to do with a New York fight manager who discovers a gangling British boxer named Aubrey Philpott-Grimes. Aubrey is a fright to watch, but somehow he keeps on winning. So the manager, Fogbound Franklin, brings the lighter to the Big Apple and starts him on the road to a championship bout.

Along the way Aubrey falls in love with a fading actress named Fredda Plamagenet (the novel is chock-full of funny-sa-ha names), becomes the pet guest of a Washington party-giver, Simon Savory, and is the recipient of the unwelcome attentions of Frankie Barheta, a flashy gangster. The plot seems to have been inspired by some best-forgotten musical comedy of the '20s, hood and molls and Congressmen and pugilists and reporters spin through its revolving doors in giddy, numbing succession.

The novel strains to be wry but succeeds mainly in being sophomoric; if not, indeed, freshman. As if those slapstick names weren't enough, we're treated to Fogbound's tired malapropisms ("Maybe we could go to court and get a decessse and decess order") and Aubrey's disquisitions on global economics, because another of Newman's little jokes is that Aubrey is in the tight game to help rescue Britain's floundering economy—he's a case of pessimism gone bonkers.

The narrator is Joe Mercer, a sportswriter-turned-editorialist who offers Newman endless opportunities to spoof journalistic clichés ("Sikowitz glowered menacingly from under scarred brows"). Every once in a while one of these comes off, but most just fall flat—exactly the way the novel does. Aubrey's *Sunday punch* has knocked Edwin Newman out for a loop.

END



BACARDI rum. The mixable one. Made in Puerto Rico.

"Danny D. is still figuring the score and looking for an edge in a world of perfidy, affecting disguises, playing dumb and shooting smart, a chameleon fitting into the background with a makeup kit filled with jars of deceit and trickery. . . . But he is 42 years old and does not know if he will be a winner or a loser tomorrow—and he realizes that he must go on making his way in the shadows, as unobtrusively as possible, never really showing himself. On the rare occasions when he does, Danny D. is a kitchen insect caught in sudden light, skittering away, hoping that a pool stick will not split his skull—*thwack*."

Where did this appear? The New Yorker? People? Esquire? No, it's from *Easy Times the Hard Way* by Barry McDermott in *Sports Illustrated*, where the world of sport, like the world at large, has its seamy underside.

Sports Illustrated

We are sports in print.



The new convertible TR7—the first new production convertible in a decade. Modern engineering has been skillfully wed to legendary excitement in the newest Triumph, the TR7 convertible.

Its bold wedge shape cheats the wind at every turn. It handles the open road with competition-proven performance. Response of the 2-liter overhead cam engine is instantaneous and the 5-speed transmission is precision itself. For those who prefer not to shift, a 3-speed automatic is optional (not available in California).

The EPA estimate with manual transmission is 19 mpg, with a highway mileage of 28 mpg. Remember the circled EPA estimate is for comparison; your mileage may vary.

depending on speed, weather, and trip length. California figures are lower, and your actual highway mileage will probably be lower than the highway estimate.

TR7's list of sports car features will warm any purist's heart: MacPherson struts... rack and pinion steering... front disc brakes... and wide steel-belted radials. Refinement of the TR7 has led to numerous changes, from a modified cooling system to a new Triumph emblem. Triumph engineers even developed a unique front bumper for the convertible which helps filter out harmonic vibrations.

The interior of the TR7 is designed around the serious driver, and is at once both functional and comfortable. Controls and instruments have been logically and conveniently arranged for easier, more enjoyable driving.

Attractive and uncomplicated, TR7's convertible top gives you unobstructed vision through the 3-piece rear window. Putting the top up or down is a simple one-person operation.

Now, a true convertible sports car at an affordable price. From Canley, England, where Triumph craftsmen have harbored a passion for the open sports car for over 50 years, comes the new TR7 convertible.



© Jaguar River Triumph Inc., Leonia, N.J., 07605. For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call: 800-447-4700; in Illinois call: 800-322-4400.

TRIUMPH INVITES YOU TO A NEW OPENING



THE SHAPE
TR7

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

SKATEBOARDS ON THE SKIDS

It wasn't too long ago that skateboarding was all the rage in this country, causing apprehension among parents over their children's safety. As things turned out, some of the worst lacerations and contusions were suffered by the skateboarding industry itself. In 1977 there were an estimated 200 skateboard parks in the U.S., but that number has since dwindled to around 70. Meanwhile, skateboard manufacturers have fallen on hard times; some have gone out of business, while sales of firms like Grentec Co. of Burbank, Calif. are running 80% behind last year's totals.

Skateboarding's losses have plainly been roller skating's gain. David Smith, a consultant to the industry, claims that skateboarding has suffered from being too "macho." "Few young ladies got involved," he says. "Not too many older people were interested. Roller skating is different—it can be a total family thing." Bill Arnett, associate publisher of the Los Angeles-based *Skate Industry News*, adds that skateboarding also was too specialized even for some boys. "Kids watched those superhuman feats being performed and they couldn't emulate them," he says. Arnett's publication used to be called *Skateboard Industry News* but changed its name after expanding its coverage to include roller skating.

Some of skateboarding's woes were caused by overexpansion. Skateboard parks often were hurriedly and inadequately designed, and were burdened by high insurance costs. Skateboarding might have better weathered these problems had it become a full-fledged sport. This didn't happen, partly because leading manufacturers were too busy feuding among themselves.

A skateboarding boom of sorts is continuing in South Africa and parts of Europe, raising hopes that a recovery in the U.S. might yet be possible. "We feel our business won't completely die and will eventually come back," says Bob Austin, national sales manager of Hobie's

Skateboards, one of the surviving manufacturers. In the meantime, sales of Hobie's skateboards are off by more than 50%, and the firm has shifted much of its production to roller skates.

REINING IN THE FIXERS

After five jockeys and two trainers were convicted in New Jersey last December of fixing horse races at Garden State Park (two other defendants pleaded guilty), action in the burgeoning bribery scandal shifted to Boston, where 21 men were indicted in February on similar charges. Jockey Guy Contrada and six others have since pleaded guilty, four are fugitives, one has been granted a separate trial, and charges against another defendant were dropped. That left eight men to stand trial in U.S. District Court. Last week a jury found seven of them guilty. Jockey Norman Mercier was acquitted.

As in the New Jersey case, the government's key witness was Anthony Ciulla (SI, Nov. 6, 1978), the convicted race fixer whose account of widespread race-track corruption also resulted in the indictment last year of eight men in Detroit and was the basis of an investigation in Pennsylvania that culminated last week in the indictment of 21 others. Authorities are continuing to investigate Ciulla's charges that he also fixed races in New York—and that major organized-crime figures were involved.

Those convicted in Boston included Howard T. Winter, who was already serving an 18-to-20 year sentence for extortion and is described by federal officials as an organized-crime boss. U.S. Attorney Edward F. Harrington hailed the convictions as the most significant victory over organized crime in Boston in a decade. Yet Harrington expressed alarm over what he called inaction by state racing officials. Citing testimony that jockeys had accepted bribes "with enthusiastic alacrity," Harrington said, "What are stewards doing? If the investigative machinery is not there, it should be set up."

Thomas Lynch, secretary of the Massachusetts Racing Commission, replied that when it comes to investigating wrongdoing, the Federal Government "has many more tools than we have." Clearly it's high time state racing officials—in Massachusetts and elsewhere—acquired adequate tools. One of the jockeys who pleaded guilty to fixing races in New Jersey, J. P. Verrone, declared months ago that Ciulla had an "army" of riders participating in fixes.

ENDANGERED CREATURES

Debbie Young, the second baseman for Animal Power, a team in the Santa Rosa (Calif.) Women's Slow Pitch Softball League, was warming up before a game against the Budweiser Brewers when she



was struck in the face by a thrown ball. Young, sore nose and all, then took the field with her teammates. She shouldn't have bothered. This simply wasn't her—or Animal Power's—night.

Early in the game Tina Plyler, Animal Power's pitcher, felt her trick knee give out and the game was delayed while she snapped it back in place. Moments later, outfielders Ginny Harris and Julie Henex collided while chasing a fly ball. Harris receiving a badly bruised shin, Henex a fractured ankle that required surgery. Henex was replaced by Bo Mari, who got on base the next inning only to collide with the rival catcher and shatter her elbow, an injury that also necessitated surgery. After Animal Power returned to the field, a ball popped out of Young's glove and struck teammate Dorene Baker on the cheek. Then Plyler, a nursing mother, felt discomfort and left

continued

the mound to go home and feed her 3-month-old daughter.

What was supposed to be a seven-inning game was mercifully called in the fifth, Budweiser winning 10-5. Everybody was glad the game was over, presumably including Animal Power's sponsor, a woman deeply concerned about the world's endangered creatures. This accounts for both her team's name and the words on the back of its uniforms: **THE RIGHT TO SURVIVE.**

DETRACTIONS

Among the things one finds at the ball park these days are furry mascots, pretty ball girls and tractor-pulling contests and, so, who's complaining? Most such adornments are harmless, some are downright entertaining and, cumulatively, they help account for the fact that major league attendance is running 4% ahead of last season's record pace. Still, two incidents last week demonstrated a need for care lest attractions supposedly meant to promote baseball wind up detracting from the game instead.

In Seattle, San Diego's famed Chicken was moonlighting for the Mariners. The Chicken—Ted Giannoulas in real life—is a gifted comic who convulses fans by arguing with umpires, wiping off home plate and doing pratfalls. As the New York Yankees took the field against the Mariners in the fourth inning, he went into another of his routines, standing on the mound and pretending to hold out the ball for Pitcher Ron Guidry. When Guidry reached for the ball, the Chicken dropped it and then began wriggling his fingers as though putting a whammy on him. That didn't amuse the Yanks' Lou Piniella, who flung his glove at Giannoulas as he headed for his position in leftfield. Piniella is a noted hothead, but he made at least a modicum of sense when he later complained, "It's a business to us, not a joke." Indeed, there is a legitimate question whether a performer as skilled as Giannoulas needs to resort to antics that might be construed as showing up a ballplayer—and whether mascots should be allowed in the middle of the field once the game begins.

Far more serious was the melee that occurred in Chicago, where master showman Bill Veeck staged a Disco Demolition Night promotion (conceived by a radio disc jockey who professes to prefer rock music) at a doubleheader between his White Sox and the Detroit Ti-

gers. Customers were admitted for 98¢ on condition that each of them donated a disco record for demolition on the field between games. The promotion drew an SRO crowd of more than 50,000, but trouble began during the first game when records and firecrackers were thrown onto the field. After the game thousands of disco records were blown up in a container placed in centerfield, whereupon hordes of young people ran onto the field, tearing up bases, destroying a batting cage and setting fires. There were 37 arrests and, following a 76-minute delay, the umpires declared the field unplayable and called off the second game, which the next day was ordered forfeited to Detroit 9-0.

The bizarre promotion had attracted people who didn't care whether a baseball game was played or not, and a chastened Veeck said afterward that he should have anticipated as much. "The majority of them didn't come for the ball game," Veeck said. "They came for the happening, and they won't come again. That was my biggest mistake." Detroit General Manager Jim Campbell put it more forcefully: "When baseball has to resort to that kind of promotion to get people into the ball park, then baseball is in big trouble." Baseball doesn't have to—and shouldn't.

BRING ON THE BLACK KOJAK

Sal Algieri, the husband and manager of Cathy (Cat) Davis, who claims to be the women's lightweight boxing champion of the world, says his wife has turned down several offers to pose nude for magazine centerfolds because "women's boxing is not a carnival." That raises the question of exactly what to call the spectacle staged the other evening in Portland, Maine. Ostensibly, it was a title fight against West Germany's Uschi Doering, but that billing will be disputed by 1) Ernestine Jones, who is credited with having knocked out Davis last year in Atlanta, which Cat vigorously denies, and 2) Marian (Lady Tiger) Trimmer, also known as the Black Kojak because of her bald pate, who insists that she, not Cat, is the world lightweight champ.

As for Doering, by now she probably couldn't care less. On her arrival from Europe, she had to sleep overnight on orange crates at JFK Airport because nobody was on hand to meet her. Then she endured a couple of postponements as well as the extraction of a tooth—at 3

a.m.—and much hand-wringing by the Maine Boxing Commission over whether to bar her because of her age, which is reckoned to be 35-plus. When Doering and Davis finally entered the ring, only 200 spectators were in attendance, and promoters tried to herd all of them onto the same side of the ring so the arena would appear to be crowded in the movie somebody supposedly was shooting. Davis then began flailing away at Doering, who chose to keep her gloves in front of her face as an alternative to retaliation. The one-sided fight was stopped in the sixth round by referee Willie Pep, who allowed that he didn't much care for women's boxing, anyway.

BIG RED MACHINE

Ex-Stanford star Susan Hagge won gold medals in both the women's singles and doubles in tennis at the Pan-American Games last week, the latter while teamed with UCLA's Ann Henricksson. Hagge was only the latest in a host of past or present Stanford players who have fared well in recent days. In Pittsburgh, Lloyd Bourne won the singles and Scott Bonardant the doubles (with Blaine Willenborg) at the National Amateur Clay Court championships. At Wimbledon, John McEnroe won the men's doubles (with Peter Fleming), while Alycia Moulton and David Sieglar were runners-up in junior women's and men's singles. And no fewer than five Stanford products were among Wimbledon's final 16 in men's singles: McEnroe, Pat DuPre, Gene Mayer, Sandy Mayer and Roscoe Tanner, who was beaten in the finals by Bjorn Borg.

None of this alters the fact that Stanford's teams were displaced this spring as both men's and women's collegiate champions—by UCLA and Southern Cal, respectively.

THEY SAID IT

■ John Lowenstein, Baltimore Oriole bench warmer, on how he stays ready: "I flush the john between innings to keep my wrists strong."

■ Muhammad Ali, explaining how he wishes to be remembered: "That he took a few cups of love and one teaspoon of patience. One tablespoon of generosity. One pint of kindness. One quart of laughter. Mixed it up and stirred it well. And then he spread it over the span of a lifetime and served it to each and every deserving person he met."

Marlboro Lights



The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '76.
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

HATS OFF TO YOU, NOLAN RYAN

California's magnificent strikeout king just missed a record fifth no-hitter last week, but his fireball has made the Angels a contender **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

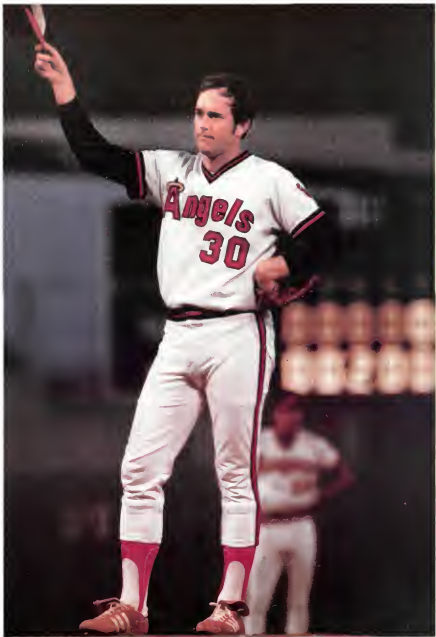
The sun was still high above Disneyland's Space Mountain last Friday, tracking steadily across the sky toward Sleeping Beauty's Castle, when Nolan Ryan, about to face the New York Yankees, took a surgeon's scalpel from his locker in Anaheim Stadium and began to whittle away at the fingers on his right hand. In the cool of the California Angels' clubhouse, Ryan went about his work slowly, drawing the blade painstakingly down each of the fingers as if he were peeling grapes. With each stroke the knife shaved away a layer of the pitcher's skin, removing his fingerprints, as if Ryan were a thief determined to leave no clues behind. Having prepared himself this way, Ryan knew that a baseball clutched in his right hand would feel as smooth as a bullet. And bullets are what the Yankees would see.

Outside in the sunlight, the Yanks fretted over the prospect of facing Ryan's fastball in the twilight that would envelop the stadium at the 5:15 p.m. outset of

the game. Thurman Munson, the Yankees' stumpy catcher, was taking batting practice. "Everybody's so sensitive," he said, with a rare flash of humor, "you'd think Nolan Ryan was pitching." When Munson had finished taking his swings, he stepped out of the cage and walked over to Angel Pitcher Jim Barr, who was standing nearby. "You can tell Nolan that it won't matter what the light's like at five o'clock," he said. "I can't hit him at eight o'clock, either." With that, Munson walked away and was not heard from again the rest of the evening.

Nor were scarcely any of the other Yankees, except as requisite foils for Ryan's performance. What happened in Anaheim last Friday evening is that Nolan Ryan, age 32, with four no-hitters in his accomplished 12-year career and with more strikeouts per inning than any other pitcher in the history of the

When he got a standing ovation after Jackson's ninth-inning hit, Ryan made a classic response





404



Seconds after the non-hit, as Ryan prepared for the next batter, the scoreboard flashed E for error.

HATS OFF *continued*

game (see box, page 16), proved he is still baseball's most exciting pitcher—and quite possibly the best. With a national television audience looking on, Ryan pitched his seventh one-hitter—so the record will say—that lone hit coming with one out in the ninth inning.

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the game is that it was not really vintage Ryan the nation was watching. He was tired, having thrown a six-hit shutout against the Red Sox four evenings before, so in the early innings he was not as overpowering as he often is. When Ryan is right, he might have as many as six strikeouts after three innings, his fastball moving at speeds that have been clocked as high as 100.9 mph. But against the Yankees he started unspectacularly. He struck out Grig Nettle in the first inning, but Bobby Murcer hit the ball to the outfield for an out and Munson walked. When he tried to steal he was thrown out.

In the second there was a hint that Ryan wasn't all that tired. He struck out tough-hitting Lou Piniella on three pitches, something that won't happen to Piniella three times a season. "That's the thing Nolan does," says Angel Pitching



On the controversial non-hit, Centerfielder Miller charged Spencer's drive and dropped to one knee but the ball glanced off his glove. As it went by, he fell to all fours before giving chase.

Couch Larry Sherry. "He embarrasses hitters, and they hate that."

Bucky Dent looked at a third strike in the third inning, and Murcer went down swinging, waving at the ball with only one hand on the bat. In the next inning, Munson's pragmatic pronouncement was borne out as he blinked at a third strike, giving Ryan five strikeouts after four innings. More important, he had given up no runs and no hits.

Meanwhile the Angels had, as it developed, assured themselves of victory with two runs off Luis Tiant in the bottom of the third. Willie Mays Aikens and Brian Downing singling home the runs. California would add a run in the sixth and three in the eighth, but that was merely for show. Two was enough.

In the seventh inning Ryan struck out Nettles and Pintella again, his sixth and seventh strikeouts of the game. The other Yankee outs were soft ground balls or flies—no one was hitting the ball hard. And now Ryan himself was getting interested. "It's not at all unusual for me

continued



The scorer's decision brought the Yankees from the dogout, Jackson especially showing displeasure



HATS OFF (continued)

to go four or five innings without giving up a hit," he said matter-of-factly after the game. "But after six or so I begin to hear down."

"If you let him get a head of steam by the seventh inning," said Sherry, "you can't hit him. You can't even see him." In fact, he has won 105 of 110 games in which he had led at the end of the seventh inning.

In nearby Paso Robles, Sandy Koufax was not watching the game when a reporter phoned to tell him Ryan had a shot at a fifth no-hitter. Only Ryan and Koufax have pitched four. "That's great," Koufax said. "It's not just my record, it's his record, too."

The sellout crowd of 41,805 was becoming increasingly excited, too, standing to applaud from the sixth inning on when Ryan left the mound. In the eighth Chris Chambliss, the leadoff hitter, fled out to Rick Miller in deep left center. Five outs to go. Then came the play that because of its exposure on national television was discussed and argued by fans across the country for days afterward. Jim Spencer, the designated hitter, hit a sinking line drive to centerfield. Miller,

a sup notch fielder, burned in and sank to his knees, but the ball caromed off his glove and beyond him, Spencer reaching second. Almost instantly an E for error flashed on the Anaheim scoreboard. Dick Miller of the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, the official scorer for the game, had judged that the ball should have been caught and that Ryan was

When Carew went to the sidelines, Adams stepped in, producing fewer hits but much more power

therefore still pitching a no-hitter. Whereupon the storm broke. The Yankees, in a rare display of unity, came out to the top step of their dugout and waved derisively up at the press box. Angel General Manager Buzzie Bavasi charged into the press box and berated Miller. Bavasi reportedly had promised a \$25,000 bonus to any Angel pitcher who threw a no-hitter. "I'll give him \$25,000 for a one-hitter," Bavasi raged. "You didn't have to do that. You've embarrassed us." Miller, for his part, had already decided that anything breaking up a no-hitter in a late inning had to be a clean hit. "Spencer's was only 95% a hit," he said later.

Out on the mound, Ryan didn't know what to think. "I couldn't tell whether it was a hit or an error," he said. "It was a tough call. But from the reaction of the crowd and the players and everything, my concentration was really broken. It probably worked out for the best. I wouldn't have wanted to throw a no-hitter and have it constantly argued that it was a no-hitter only because of the official scorer."

And Miller? "The ball hit the tip of my glove," he said after the game. "I think I should have made the play."

Even without his concentration, Ryan got two more outs and moved into the ninth inning. Munson led off with a bounding ball that Jim Anderson at short-stop failed to field cleanly. Again an error was ruled, although some would disagree, notably Spencer, who later referred to Ryan's effort as a "nice three-hit-er." Ryan got Nettles on a pop-up, bringing up Reggie Jackson. On the first pitch Jackson slapped the ball up the middle by Ryan's glove and out into centerfield for a 100% clean hit. Jackson took two steps from home plate, then turned and waved toward the press box. But when he reached first base, he joined the huge crowd going Ryan a prolonged standing ovation. In response, Ryan, looking suddenly quite weary, doffed his cap.

That was the only hit the Yankees would get. Munson, who

THE TOP GUNS

Only two pitchers have averaged more than one strikeout an inning. Ryan edging Koufax, whose abbreviated career halted his inclusion in the Top 10. See McDowell's average as third best

PITCHER	STRIKES OUTS	INNINGS PERIOD	STRIKES OUTS PER INNING
Walter Johnson	3,508	5,923	592
Bob Gibson	3,317	3,884	865
Gaylord Perry	3,103	4,520	687
Jim Bunning	2,835	3,760	759
Nolan Ryan	2,846	2,614	1,091
Mickey Lolich	2,828	3,636	778
Tom Seaver	2,823	3,344	844
Cy Young	2,819	7,356	383
Ferry Jenkins	2,704	3,702	731
Warren Spahn	2,583	5,243	493
Steve Carlton	2,581	3,385	763
Sam McDowell	2,453	2,492	984
Sandy Koufax	2,396	2,324	1,033



Carew, nibbling his injured thumb, hoped to return in time to fight for his eighth batting title.

scooted to third on the hit, scored when Piniella flew out, to make it 6-1. Ryan then blew one of his better fastballs by Chambliss for the final out.

The victory gave Ryan a 12-6 record, and his nine strikeouts raised his total for the year to 160. He has an excellent chance to get 300 this season, which he has already done five times in his career. His earned run average is 2.54, second best in the league among starting pitchers, and his walks per game—a longtime bugaboo—are down to 3.84. That his lifetime won-lost record is only 163-151 can be traced to the fact that his teams, the New York Mets and the Angels, have rarely given him adequate support.

"In the past I went out there trying to shut out everybody," Ryan says. "We not only had teams that couldn't hit, they couldn't catch. I was always going out there and performing for myself because we were always mathematically eliminated by July."

Now that has changed.

With July already half gone, the Angels not only have not been eliminated, but they also finished last week two games ahead of Texas in the race for the AL West pennant and were looking very much for real. Don Baylor, the team's designated hitter, was leading the league in RBIs (85), runs (72) and had 23 home runs and a batting average of .299 to easily qualify as the best player ever to finish 14th among outfielders at the All-Star balloting. And Catcher Brian Downing, who underwent elbow surgery in the off-season, was leading American League

hitters with a .352 average, a spot usually reserved for another Angel, Rod Carew. Carew is hitting .355, or was, before he tore ligaments in his right thumb, he has been on the disabled list for a month and a half, but will likely return to the lineup this week. Also among the Angels' big guns in the first half of the season have been Third Baseman Carney Lansford, who is hitting .308 and is second to Baylor in runs scored with 71, Second Baseman Bobby Grich, who is hitting .310 and has an astonishing total of 19 homers; and the prodigiously moneymaker Aikens, who has filled in for Carew at first base and hit 276, with 14 home runs.

Unquestionably the happiest surprise

in the Angels' season has been the emergence of young Mark Clear as the league's preeminent short reliever. Clear, who was cast off by the Phillies in 1975, boosted his record to 10-2 last week when he came on in the 11th inning to nail down California's rousing come-from-behind 8-7 victory over the Yankees on Saturday night. The Angels, who are second in the American League in hitting with a .284 team average and have scored 50 more runs than second-place Boston, won that one after spotting the world champions six runs and then getting two homers in as many as hits from Baylor. The second tied the game up with two out in the bottom of the ninth inning.

Since joining the American League in 1961, the Angels have never finished better than a tie for second, which they did last year. So maybe their time is here. It certainly seemed so last Sunday when, following Ryan's brilliant effort and the team's Saturday heroics, the Angels swept the Yankees in the last game of the series, again rallying from well behind for a 5-4 victory. Grich drove home all five runs, the last two with a home run in the ninth. But even if it isn't the Angels' year, California fans are luckier than most. Every four days or so they get to watch a game within a game, Nolan Ryan against the world. Last week that game was at its most exciting. **END**



Both Baylor and Downing are leading the league, the former in runs batted in the latter in hitting.

The VIII Pan-American Games were of unprecedented size and splendor—and, for the United States, humiliation. Oh, we won the most medals; we always do. U.S. track athletes were magnificent, the boxers astonishing,



the young basketball players marvelous. But the triumphs were stained by the gross incivility of the basketball coach, a reminder that the American hemisphere despises—arrogant and insensitive—is by no means extinct.

TRIUMPH AND TURMOIL IN THE PAN-AM GAMES

His basketball players won gold medals, but Coach Bobby Knight precipitated an ugly uproar with his controversial behavior in San Juan **by JOHN PAPANEK**

Nancy Knight thought she was going to Puerto Rico for a nice vacation while her husband Bobby did a little business, coaching the U.S. basketball team in the Pan-American Games. What she got instead was a nightmare.

It took Nancy only 24 hours after the Games began on July 2 to reach her limit of tolerance. "I can't stand it," she said. "Everywhere I go I hear 'the volatile Bobby Knight' or 'the controversial Bobby Knight.' It sounds just like home."

At the time, Knight had merely been ejected from his team's very first game with the U.S. leading the Virgin Islands by 35 points, and he had been sternly reprimanded and threatened with expulsion by the International Amateur Basketball Federation for arguing with officials. By the time the tournament ended with the U.S. beating Puerto Rico 113-94 for the gold medal on Friday the 13th, Knight had been arrested, handcuffed, locked up briefly and ordered to stand trial on Aug. 22 for allegedly striking a Puerto Rican police officer. And after that championship game, when the miseries and frustrations that had roiled inside him for the full two weeks ex-

ploded in an uncontrollable confusion of nationalism and the ugliest kind of anti-Puerto Rican babble, Knight caused what would have been a serious international political incident had Puerto Rico been another country.

But, as almost everyone in San Juan from Governor Carlos Romero Barcelo to the cashier at the local Burger King kept reminding the Americans in San Juan, they were home, because Puerto Rico, as a commonwealth, is a self-governing part of the U.S. and Puerto Ricans are U.S. citizens. To be sure, because of linguistic and cultural differences, many mainlanders do not regard the islanders as American as, say, folks from Bloomington, Ind., the home of Indiana University, Knight's permanent place of employment.

As it was, Knight's behavior eclipsed the brilliant play of the U.S. team, which many thought to be too young and too small to go undefeated in nine games as it did, winning each by an average of 21.2 points. The players—average age,

The final game with Puerto Rico won, Knight is hoisted by his players—and a crescendo of boos



20—accomplished this despite practices canceled because Knight was in court or because they were giving depositions as witnesses to the alleged assault, and because they were preoccupied dodging endless questions from the press. There were also several occasions when Knight violently berated players in games, such as when 18-year-old Isaiah Thomas, a talented guard who will join Knight at Indiana this fall, missed a dunk shot with the U.S. leading Brazil by 14 points. And what ordinarily would have been a cause

célèbre—Guard Kyle Macy having his jaw fractured by an intentional punch by Tomas Herrera, a guard on the Cuban team—went almost unnoticed amid the turmoil surrounding Knight.

"This is not what I'd call a very joyous international competition," said Co-captain Mike O'Koren of North Carolina. "A lot of bad things have happened. We've worked very hard and we're tired. We hope Coach Knight comes out of this all right, but as players, we came here to win the gold."

The team had been together for more than 50 days, and before coming to Puerto Rico it played in a tournament in Italy and worked out twice a day—once three times in one day—for two weeks in Bloomington. "It's not a question of whether we like Coach Knight or not," O'Koren said. "We heard all the stories about him and came out for the team anyway, because we wanted to represent the U.S. We knew he was demanding and strict, but he wins. We've talked among ourselves quite a bit, and we decided that

continued



he's just different from everyone else's coach."

One player who did not know what to expect was 19-year-old Ralph Sampson, Virginia's highly prized 7' 3½" recruit from Harrisonburg, Va., who got little court time in San Juan. "I thought I would be loving it," he said, "but everybody's hating it. When we got here everybody was all worn out from practicing in Indiana. There's nothing but work. I don't even know if I can play. My weight's down below 200 pounds. I got no strength."

In his nine seasons at Indiana, Knight has earned a reputation as basketball's version of football's Woody Hayes, who was finally fired for his unseemly behavior last winter by Ohio State, which also happens to be Knight's alma mater. Like Hayes, Knight is practically a god in his home state, but he has many critics, too. Those critics vividly recall a photograph of him yanking one of his players off the floor by his jersey, and the now-commonplace episodes of his ranting at players and officials. At least 13 of Knight's players have left Indiana for various reasons at different stages of their careers, including last year's College Player of the Year, Larry Bird, who, as a freshman, departed for Indiana State, saying he preferred a smaller school. Most simply disliked Knight's strict regimen, which, in the words of one of the Pan-Am team players, "makes Parris Island look like Romper Room."

Knight's behavior in San Juan didn't seem to bother the majority of the fans back home in Indiana. Reacting in much the same way many Ohio State backers did after Hayes punched a Clemson player in the Gator Bowl, Hoosiers gave Knight ample support. The Indianapolis News asked in its Page One forum, "Sound Off?" "Do you approve of Bobby Knight's conduct during the Pan-Am Games?" The vote in response, published July 11, was affirmative, 279-161.

A sampling of the pro-Knight comments: "[He] is a super coach with guts.... The story has been blown out of proportion.... There aren't many people like Knight who aren't afraid to stand up and be counted.... It's American to raise Cain."

The anti-Knight forces countered

with: "As a coach, he sets a poor example of sportsmanship.... This is a perfect example of Bobby Knight pushing the what-price-victory syndrome.... Bobby should learn to control his temper.... Will the man ever grow up?"

Bill Armstrong, president of the Indiana University Foundation, came to Knight's defense and began contacting Indiana politicians, including U.S. Senators Birch Bayh and Richard G. Lugar. Said Armstrong, "I felt we should get people on this side of the Caribbean working for him...." Meanwhile, Ralph Floyd, director of athletics at IU, issued a statement in which he expressed his "complete support of Coach Knight."

None of Knight's previous difficulties compares with the latest, which made him the focal point of the entire Pan-Am Games and caused the U.S. Olympic Committee and Indiana University great embarrassment, public manifestations of support notwithstanding. Dave Gavitt, the former coach and now athletic director at Providence, is slated to coach next year's Olympic team, and the chances of Knight, who was being considered for the job in 1984, now are somewhere between slim and none.

Knight's legal trouble began on Sunday, July 8, while the U.S. team was finishing a 10 a.m. practice at Espiritu Santo High School outside San Juan. According to Knight, 15 minutes before the Americans' allotted time was up the Brazilian women's team entered the gym for its 11 o'clock practice and "caused a great commotion." Knight's assistant, Mike Krzyzewski, asked patrolman Jose D. Silva, 33, who was guarding the gym entrance, why the Brazilians were allowed in early. According to Krzyzewski, Silva said in English, "Hey, man, when you're in Puerto Rico you do as I say."

Knight, meanwhile, said loudly to the Brazilians, "Hey, we have the gym until 11. If you're not gonna be quiet, you've got to get the hell out of here."

According to Krzyzewski, Silva said, "I say that they stay." The police officer and Knight then got into a nose-to-nose

The many faces of Knight in Puerto Rico added up to the one spectators in the U.S. well know



argument that soon heated up. Most of the American players and Krzyzewski saw Silva shaking a finger in Knight's face. Says Knight, "On the third or fourth motion, he whacked me in the eye. My left hand came up in a purely reflexive action to push him away, with the heel of my hand under his chin. At that point the policeman shouted, 'This isn't the United States. This is Puerto Rico. You hit a policeman. You're under arrest.'"

Silva took Knight to a parking lot outside the gym and, according to Knight, removed his uniform hat and took a nightstick from an unmarked car. In the presence of Fred Taylor, Knight's former coach at Ohio State, who was acting as the U.S. team manager, Silva touched Knight's nose with the nightstick several times. According to Knight, Silva said, "Goddam you, brother, this is what I'd like to use on you. You want me to use this on you, don't you?"

Silva then handcuffed Knight and took him to a police station in Hato Rey. Once there, Knight says, he was never informed of the charges but taken directly to a cell and locked in for about 10 minutes. Later, after a discussion between USOC Executive Director F. Don Miller and police officials, Knight was told no charges would be pressed and he was released.

Although the police had dropped the matter, on Monday, July 9, Silva filed assault charges in San Juan District Court and Knight counterfiled. At a preliminary hearing on Wednesday, Judge Rafael Riefkohl stunned the mainland contingent when he ordered Knight to stand trial for aggravated assault, while throwing Silva's countercharges out. According to Silva's spokesman, Angel David Gonzalez, president of the Police Members Association of Puerto Rico, Silva never touched Knight before placing him under arrest, though Knight's right eye was visibly reddened. A U.S. team official who was present at the hearing reported that Silva testified that Knight called the Brazilian women "whores" and called Silva a "nigger."

"It's really unbelievable," says Krzyzewski, who has been head basketball coach at the U.S. Military Academy for the past four years. "The out-and-out lies that are being told. It's like my standing here and saying that my name is not



bands of the courts, just like in any other state in the Union."

But according to Gonzalez of the policemen's association, Romero Barcelo, after talking with Representative John T. Myers (R., Ind.) and USOC President Robert Kane, exerted pressure on Silva to get him to drop his case against Knight. Thus far Silva has remained firm in his resolve to have Knight go on trial.

It was a bizarre scene, indeed, on Friday morning in Room 607 of the District

Accused of assault by police officer Silva (left), Knight left court with a trial date set for August.



Mike Krzyzewski, that it's Fred Taylor."

Knight's next appearance in court was scheduled for Friday morning. A game with the undefeated Puerto Rican basketball team was scheduled for Friday night. On Thursday afternoon, the U.S. played its best game of the tournament, thrashing Brazil 106-88. After the game, Romero Barcelo visited the U.S. team.

"I wanted to make sure the players understood that there isn't any resentment," said the Governor, who is a strong advocate of statehood for Puerto Rico. "We are proud to be American citizens. We just happen to have a separate sports autonomy." On the Knight matter, he said, "There is nothing I can do. It is in the

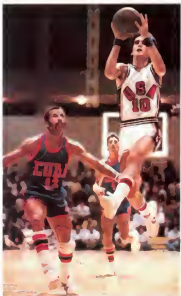
Court, Knight sat expressionless, his arms tightly folded, wearing his coaching uniform—blue sport shirt and checkered slacks—a translator whispering into his right ear as his Puerto Rican attorney, Luis F. Gonzalez Correa, asked in Spanish for a postponement. Gonzalez Correa lamely joked, "It is the responsibility of all of us to be prepared for tonight's game, which Puerto Rico is going to win." The trial was postponed until Aug. 22, and Knight left, dazed and silent.

The Roberto Clemente Coliseum was packed beyond possibility for the championship game, an estimated 13,000 in a building with 9,600 seats. Captain Carlos Bermudez, carrying a giant Puerto

continued



Thomas (12), outstanding in San Juan, will be a freshman on Knight's Indiana squad this year.



Rican flag, led the Puerto Rican team onto the floor, and at least 1,000 tiny ones fluttered all over the Coliseum in response. Knight was booed viciously, but he showed no emotion.

Puerto Rico's fine perimeter shooters, Georgie Torres and Nestor Cora, and bruising Center Ruben Rodriguez, all with New York basketball backgrounds, kept the islanders even with the Americans for the first 10 minutes. Then the U.S. team, led by Thomas, O'Koren, Michael Brooks of LaSalle, Center Kevin McHale of Minnesota and Guard Ronnie Lester of Iowa, started running and opened up a 15-point halftime lead. Puerto Rico cut the advantage to three midway through the second half. Then Thomas, who finished with 21 points, began a sensational solo act, with three baskets, two assists and a blocked shot in four minutes to give the U.S. a 10-point lead that would grow steadily until the end. Brooks, a powerful 6'7", 221-pound senior, scored 27, while Woodson, the team's leading scorer, overcame early foul trouble to finish with 23.

As the clock ran down, Knight broke into his first public smile in 14 days. Knight's smile turned to tears as his players hoisted him onto their shoulders. As the crowd's polite cheers turned into boos, Knight began thrusting his right index finger into the air with violent exuberance. Very suddenly, the frustrations of the fortnight began spilling out.

While the players lined up to receive their medals, Knight stood in a corner of the crowded court, absorbing the continuing jeers and taunts directed at him. With several American reporters around him, Knight said, "— 'em. — 'em all. I'll tell you what. Their basketball is a hell of a lot easier to beat than their court system. The only — thing they know how to do is grow bananas."

To Mike Moran, the USOC's assistant communications director, he said, "Get all the press together. I want to tell them that. Just the Americans. Don't let them Puerto Ricans in." A reporter who



Knight thought was Puerto Rican began writing down Knight's comments. Knight leaped at him. "You'd better not write that," he screamed. "That was a private conversation. I have some rights."

Somewhere in this world I have some rights."

As he continued talking and cursing, there was a salvo of boos. Knight immediately went to receive his medal. He knew his name had been called even though he did not hear it. When *The Star-Spangled Banner* was being played, Knight again raised his right index finger in the air. A moment later a Hispanic photographer nudged Knight's 8-year-old son, Patrick, out of his sight line so he could photograph the coach. Knight stuck a menacing finger in the photographer's face. "Don't you push my son!" he yelled. "I'll tell you that only once!"

It went on like this for three-quarters of an hour. Krzyzewski and others stood by helplessly as Knight insulted Puerto Rico and intimidated reporters. "I didn't have any friends in Puerto Rico when I came here," he said, "so I don't have any fewer when I leave."

Genaro Marchand, Puerto Rico's delegate to the International Amateur Basketball Federation, heard that remark and the next one, which Knight directed at him: "You were supposed to help us."

"We tried," said Marchand, "but you have no respect for anybody."

"I have respect for people who respect me," said Knight.

"You do not deserve respect," said Marchand. "You treat us like dirt. You have said nothing but bad things since you got here. You are an embarrassment to America, our country."

Knight stalked out.

"You are an ugly American!" Marchand shouted after him.

Knight did not look back.

At least the players were happy. For Michael Brooks, Sam Clancy, John Duren, Ronnie Lester, Kyle Macy, Kevin McHale, Mike O'Koren, Ralph Simpson, Isiah Thomas, Ray Tolbert, Danny Vranes and Mike Woodson, the path through the Pan-Am Games ended with sparkling gold.

For Bobby Knight, it was a course of a different color.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

Macy wasn't around to collect his medal. In this game with Cuba a punch fractured his jaw.

FOR ADDITIONAL COVERAGE ON THE GAMES, PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 27

The SGT.

Seagram's Gin & Schweppes Tonic.
Mixed with military precision.



The SGT. is Seagram's Gin & Tonic.
Pour 1½ oz. Seagram's Gin over ice.
Fill with Schweppes Tonic. Garnish
with a wedge of lime. Enjoy it!
And enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's Gin. Perfect all ways.

When Goodyear you come



Ahead on the road

More people ride on Goodyear tires than any other kind. Our latest: the low-profile Wingfoot Radial. Its short sidewall, with a natural contour, cuts down reaction time in cornering. And the sidewall contour also contributes to riding comfort. Strong Flexten belts made with aramid fiber help keep the tread open and squirm-free for good traction and long mileage.



Ahead in convenience

Soft-drink bottles made with Goodyear's Cleartuf polyester resin are shatterproof. And they're 13 times lighter than glass. Best of all, you can recycle them into anything from floor tiles to fishing line. With 30 bottles you can even make a three-piece suit. Goodyear developed this resin and makes more of it than anyone else.

moves out front, out ahead



Ahead with home-grown rubber

Rubber from the guayule bush, a native American shrub, may help to reduce our dependence on foreign oil. The synthetic rubber in an average auto tire represents two gallons of oil. We could use more natural rubber, but there's a growing shortage of that, too. So Goodyear is experimenting with guayule cultivation in Arizona. And we've built and tested the first tires in the U.S. made with guayule rubber. More work is needed to get costs down, but it looks promising.



Ahead in countrywide service

Goodyear has 1,500 service stores across the country, more than any other tire company. And they all back each other's work. So if we do some work on your car in California and you drive to New York and find it still isn't fixed, we'll fix it free right there. That's the Goodyear promise—and it's good for at least 90 days or 3,000 miles.

GOODYEAR
Out front. Pulling away.

Enjoy the taste of country fresh Salem.



Country fresh menthol.
Mild, smooth and refreshing.
Enjoy smoking again.

Also available in 100's.

KINGS: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, BOX; 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine,
100's: 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



Alberto Juantorena came to the Pan American Games an almost august figure. He was the gold medalist at both 400 and 800 meters in the 1976 Olympics, an unprecedented accomplishment. In the 400 he had ranked first in the world for three consecutive years, and in the 800 he had been the world-record holder since 1976. Yet for all that, Juantorena wound up a loser last week in San Juan. Before he had even run a race, word arrived that his 800 record had been obliterated. Sebastian Coe of Great Britain having knocked a full second off the mark on July 5 with a 1:42.4 in Oslo. When Juantorena did step on the track, two Americans, James Robinson and Tony Darden, beat him in his specialties.

What's more, the Americans added to his humbling with their post-race comments. When Robinson, the winner in the 800, was asked how it felt to beat a world-record holder, he replied, "You mean the former world-record holder." And when the 5' 11" Darden mounted the victory stand to accept his gold medal in the 400, he looked down to where the 6' 2" Cuban—seeming quite out of place—was waiting for his silver and said, "I'm taller than you now."

In the space of just eight days Juantorena, 27, did seem to lose a good deal of stature. But he didn't seem overly concerned about his defeats. He said he was happy with a silver medal in the 400 because Lane 1, with its sharp turns, is very difficult for him to negotiate with his long strides. Darden concurred, "Juantorena ran a good race from Lane 1," he said. "I was surprised. He ran a hell of a race." Before the 800, Juantorena was asked if he thought he could reclaim his world record. "I will," he answered without hesitation, "but not now. I am not in shape for that yet. In one month I will be better. I will run a new world record at the World Cup, perhaps. This is my first 800 meters of the year. So what can I say?"

The World Cup will be contested in Montreal in late August. When the real Alberto Juantorena stands up, will it be the world-record-setting gold medalist or the happy-go-lucky soul who appeared content with two silver medals in Sixto Escobar Stadium?

JUANTORENA GETS AMBUSHED

by Joe Marshall

Of course, there is no better way for a runner to gain worldwide attention than to beat a world champion. Unless it is to beat him twice. Robinson won the only 800-meter race Juantorena lost last year, in Zurich, but he felt he didn't get enough recognition for the feat in the U.S. Slowly he has been building his case. In a meet in Berkeley in early June the 24-year-old history student ran what was then the year's fastest time, 1:45.6. A week later he won his third AAU 800 title in four years.

When he was competing for the University of California, Robinson was known as "Silky Sullivan," after the exciting come-from-behind thoroughbred, because he dropped so far off the lead in the early stages of a race. He was often criticized for his tactics, but last year he experimented successfully with running closer to the front, and that was the strategy he chose to employ against Juantorena. He and Owen Hamilton of Jamaica held the lead for the first 600 meters. Then Juantorena overtook them on the outside. "He kept looking back over his shoulder, which told me he was going just about as fast as he could," said Robinson.

Robinson had plenty of kick left but now he suddenly found himself boxed behind Hamilton in Lane 1 and Juantorena in Lane 2. Coming off the last turn, he saw a slight gap between the two of them and darted for it. At the same moment Hamilton veered out. His and Robinson's pumping arms locked temporarily, then Robinson surged ahead, looking more like Bronko Nagurski now than Silky Sullivan. He had Juantorena in a footrace and he beat him to the tape in 1:46.3.

Meanwhile, Hamilton, who had been

thrown off stride, fell back into fourth place. His coach, Herb McKenley, promptly filed a protest, poking his finger at a replay on a TV monitor to support his case. Juantorena wandered about, posing for pictures and making eyes at girls in the stands. Eventually, Robinson was announced as the winner. "That is not the right decision," the frustrated Hamilton said. "This is dirty." McKenley appealed.

It was clear that if winning the race was important to Robinson, it mattered little to Juantorena. McKenley's appeal was eventually denied, but by then Juantorena had already announced, "The 400 meters is my race."

Juantorena's competition figured to be Willie Smith, who had bested him at that distance in Los Angeles in May. Like Robinson, Smith, who graduated from Auburn last June, felt he hadn't gotten enough recognition, or, as he put it, "I want people to realize I'm somebody and I'm doing well." Coming down the homestretch the race appeared to be a duel between Smith in Lane 6 and Juantorena in Lane 1. But in the last 10 meters, Darden suddenly burst between them to win in a personal best of 45.11. Juantorena was clocked in 45.24 and Smith in 45.30.

Darden also clearly needed to get himself some recognition. In the post-race interview, reporters kept calling him "Tom," which is how the program had him listed. Finally, Darden corrected them. "It's not Tom, it's Tony. Thomas Darden is my cousin," he said emphatically. His cousin is a defensive back for the Cleveland Browns.

Not so long ago, Tony Darden was considered a hot prospect in track. When he entered Arizona State in the fall of 1976, he held the 400-meter national high

continued



school record of 45.7. As a freshman he ran a 45.60, but the following year he failed to improve. His 1978 best was 46.20, which gave him the dubious distinction of being, by rough reckoning, the 53rd-fastest 400-meter man in the world. Disgusted, he dropped out of school this past year and moved back home to Philadelphia to train seriously and see if he could regain his form. Last winter he briefly took a job with United Parcel, loading trucks in a warehouse.

"In 1978 I was having all sorts of problems," Darden said. "I was living off campus, trying to feed myself without asking my parents for any money. Most people thought I was a flop, that I wouldn't be around much longer as a runner. Now I'm living with my parents and all I do is train."

Herman Frazier, the 1976 Olympic bronze medalist in the 400 and a member of the victorious 1,600-meter relay team in San Juan, who was a senior at Arizona State while Darden was a freshman, praised Darden's strong finish as his biggest asset. "If he is anywhere near you with 40 meters to go," he said, "you better watch out."

"I can run a smooth 300," said Darden, "but I always save one burst of speed for the last 100."

Darden reemerged on the track scene at last month's AAU championships in Walnut, Calif., where he finished second in 45.14, just .04 behind Smith. Now, with his Pan-American victory, he feels he has reestablished himself as a world-class 400-meter runner. "This is the kind of race you always look for," he said. "You just want to win that one fantastic race. I prepared myself for this one. Now my plan is to wait for Moscow." And what about Juantorena? "You can't feel sorry for someone of his caliber," Darden said. "He's an idol for so many people. He has had his day."

The day in San Juan was not Juantorena's in more ways than one. Before the start of his semifinal in the 400, he was heckled from the stands by two vocal Cuban exiles. "There is no food in Cuba!" they yelled. "People are starving!" Juantorena walked toward the hecklers. "Do I look undernourished?"

he retorted angrily. An exchange of insults followed, with Juantorena gesticulating and threatening to come up into the stands. Finally, two officials intervened and gently persuaded the Cuban runner to return to the starting blocks.

Alejandro Casañas of Cuba, the former world-record holder in the 110-meter hurdles, and an even more fervent patriot than Juantorena, lost for the fifth consecutive time to Renaldo Nehemiah, who broke Casañas' mark of 13.21 earlier this year and has since lowered it to 13 flat. Nehemiah had arrived in San Juan with a 103° fever, and though he shook that, he was obviously still suffering from the effects of a head cold when he lined up for the finals. Yet he not only beat Casañas by five meters, he also beat the Cuban's best time ever when he turned in a 13.20.

Casañas has refused to talk to Nehemiah at recent races, prompting the notion that he is feuding with the American from the University of Maryland. In the days preceding their Pan-Am showdown Casañas pointedly refused to shake hands with Nehemiah, saying belligerently, "I'm a Cuban." But following the race Nehemiah revealed a new twist in the relationship. "After we crossed the finish line, Casañas said, 'Good race.' That's the nicest thing he's ever said to me." A few moments later Casañas had even nicer things to say about his rival. "Nehemiah is the best hurdler in the world today," he acknowledged.

Only Silvio Leonard, the No. 1-ranked 100-meter man held the Cubans' end up against the American men. Leonard used his blazing start to run a 100-200 double. He led from the start in both races, winning the 100 in 10.13, the 200 in 20.37. In neither race, however, did the Americans have their AAU champion in the field.

The fact is that while the Pan-Am Games were supposed to produce a brilliant confrontation between the Cuban and American men, what they really did was showcase rising U.S. stars.

No one took better advantage of that opportunity than Evelyn Ashford. She was on the 1976 Olympic team, but only in the last couple of months has she be-

gun to show that she could return American women to the forefront of world sprinting ranks. Ashford completed a 100-200 double at the AAU meet to make the Pan-Am team in both events, then repeated that performance in the Games. At the AAUs she had become the second woman to run 100 meters in less than 11 seconds (she had a 10.97 in the semifinals). In San Juan she lowered Brenda Morehead's American 200 record by .15 of a second with a 22.45 semifinal heat. She took the final in 22.24 but her time was wind-aided.

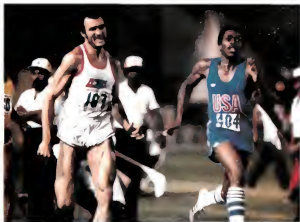
Pat Connelly, Ashford's coach, has concentrated on building her strength by having her train at longer distances than normal for a sprinter. Connelly also has tried to add muscle to Ashford's calves by having her run in the sand at—where else?—Muscle Beach in Santa Monica. On weekends Ashford runs two miles along the shore in the hard sand, then works her way back by doing short sprints in the loose sand farther inland. To practice getting her knee lift higher she runs in shallow surf, although that isn't always as pleasant as it sounds. "I always trip in the water and fall down," she complains. But the work and the unscheduled dips in the ocean are beginning to pay off.

"Winning here at the Pan-Am's was important to me psychologically," she said. "Now I feel I'm the best in this part of the world. I only have the Eastern Europeans to worry about. I feel confident that I can compete with them in the 100 because I've gone under 11 seconds. But in the 200, which is my favorite race, I'm not there yet. I need to get down to 22 flat. (The world record of 21.71 is held by Marita Koch of East Germany.) I feel something inside me wants to come out. I feel I can go a lot faster. I think I can do that by the end of this summer."

By the end of next summer, in Moscow, she hopes to do even better.

Evelyn Ashford was a double winner for the U.S., but Juantorena (top right) lost the 800 to Robinson, got some heat from hecklers (center) and trailed Darden (bottom left) in the 400. Leonard saved face for Cuba, winning the two sprints.

CONTINUED





A NEW BUNCH PUNCHES IN

by John Papanek

If there was one athlete in San Juan who stopped hearts merely by appearing somewhere, it was Cuba's peerless heavy-weight boxer, Teófilo Stevenson. At 6' 5", 229 pounds and crafted of too-large and too-perfect parts, he silenced an enormous crowd when he carried the huge Cuban flag standard like a Popsicle stick during the Games' opening ceremonies. He had the same effect two weeks later when he ended the boxing tournament with a left hook, followed by a looping right to the chin of Puerto Rico's Narciso Maldonado at 2:18 of the first round. To win the gold medal, Stevenson fought

only twice for a grand total of three minutes, 57 seconds.

The world still waits for someone to end the seven-year reign of this 27-year-old, who might well be Muhammad Ali's successor if he were a pro. But as the proud Cuban says, "If you are a professional, you are not an athlete."

The giant killer will have to be someone other than 18-year-old Rufus (Bubba) Hadley, the Marine corporal from Camp Lejeune, N.C., who said before his semifinal bout with Stevenson, "He's just another man, and I don't know any reason why I should fear another man." Reason one: few have ever gone the full three rounds against Stevenson. Reason two: the second time Stevenson threw that right hand at Bubba, Bubba bounced off the canvas. Only 1:39 of the first round had elapsed.

The American who might do the impossible next year in Moscow, should he be inclined to try, is 21-year-old Tony Tucker, who fought as a light heavy-weight in San Juan and led a team of young American boxers to six wins in 10 confrontations with the talented and experienced Cubans. It was a startling performance, considering that all five American gold medalists from Montreal—Howard Davis, Ray Leonard, the Spinks brothers and Leo Randolph—had turned pro. The Cubans brought to San Juan a team that had six Montreal Olympic medalists, and five gold and three silver medalists from the 1978 world championships in Belgrade. By contrast, the best the U.S. boxers could come up with in Belgrade were two bronzes. Thus new fighters surfaced in San Juan. Tucker, Bernard Taylor, Lemuel Steeples and Jackie Beard are the ones to watch in Moscow.

That only four of the six Americans who beat Cubans ultimately climbed the highest step of the victory stand to receive gold medals points out the folly of the Pan-Am Games' random draw system. Just one U.S.-Cuba bout occurred in a final. "It's time we used seeding, at least for the top four," said Colonel Don Hull, president of the International Amateur Boxing Association, after America's lone defending Pan-Am gold medalist, lightweight Davey Armstrong, was outpointed by Cuban world champion Adolfo Horta in a first-round bout.

All told, the Cubans—the four who



U.S. light heavyweight Tucker won a gold medal and the expectation is that he can only get better

beat Americans plus lightweight Andres Aldama, who never faced one—won five gold medals to America's four (Puerto Rico got the other two). The astonishing U.S. performance in San Juan was largely a result of the efforts of Coach Pat Nappi. Working at the new Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, the boxers learned to help each other. "We eat together, run together, hang together," said featherweight gold medalist Bernard Taylor. In the days before the competition began, Nappi would get his boxers up for roadwork at 5:30 a.m. Running in the steamy heat, they would sing a song they made up: "We're not number five, not number four, or three, or two. We're number one, hey, hey, hey."

The No. 1 American, Tucker, who is from Grand Rapids, Mich., took a 4-1 decision over Cuban world champion Sixto Soria in the quarterfinals before eventually deciding Puerto Rico's Dennis Jackson for the gold. "He's the best amateur fighter I've seen in years," said veteran trainer Gil Clancy. Tucker expects to remain a light heavyweight for the 1980 Olympics, but at 6' 4", with a massive chest and quick, strong hands, eventually he will be a heavyweight. "I've been growing straight up," he says. "I haven't filled out yet." When he does, Clancy feels he could be the heavyweight champion. That may depend on whether Tucker can handle 18-year-old Marvin Frazier, whose father, Joe, kept him out of the Pan-Am Games and thus away from Stevenson's right hand. "I wouldn't be surprised to see Frazier win the heavyweight gold in 1980," says Clancy.

Taylor, 22, the featherweight who works as a TV cameraman in Charlotte, N.C., also beat a Cuban world champion, Angel Herrera, in the quarters, then went on to outpoint Naudi Piferno of Venezuela in the final. "I'm an outside boxer. I like to feint, like Ali," Taylor says. "I don't like to slug or get hit, I don't like to get my face all busted up."

Steeple, 23, the light-welterweight champion from St. Louis, beat Jose Aguilar of Cuba in the semis. Aguilar had won his two previous fights with first-round knockouts, so Steeples wasn't sure how to attack him. Steeples confused the Cuban by constantly changing direction. In the second round Aguilar slipped when Steeples dodged a wicked right, after which Steeples boxed beautifully—



Cuba's renowned Stevenson can't get much better. He barely had to work for his gold, disposing of Puerto Rico's Maldonado in the first round.

bouncing, dancing and circling. Steeples then had no trouble handling Argentina's Hugo Hernandez in the final.

Beard, 17, a fireplug of a bantamweight who works as a probation officer in Jackson, Tenn., met Cuba's Hector Lazaro, three inches taller at 5' 7", in the semis, and readily outpointed him. Beard cut the Cuban's left eye in the second round, and puzzled him by switching his lead from left to right. "I'm a right-hander," he said. "But all of a sudden I'll change to southpaw and that messes up the other guy's fight." Beard's final bout, with Puerto Rico's Luis Pizarro, was, he says, "the easiest of the four."

Either of the other U.S. finalists could have added more gold to the haul. Light flyweight Richard Sandovak, 18, of Pomona, Calif., lost a hotly disputed decision to Cuba's Hector Ramirez, and James Shuler, 20, of Philadelphia, had his bout with Puerto Rico's Jose Molina stopped in the second round when he suffered a severely cut right eye.

Disappointments to be sure, but ones that may be reversed in Moscow. **END**





COOL HAND JERILYN TAKES A HOT OPEN

Jerilyn Britz survived the weather and a showdown with Debbie Massey to win the Open, her first pro victory

by SARAH PILEGGI

On the 14th, a broke putt that lengthened her lead causes Britz to jump and then jump again. At the 18th, Massey stares in horror as a chip shot undoes her by sliding too far past the hole

Summer in the Northeast was at its steamiest in suburban southwestern Connecticut last week, and for the first three days the Women's Open championship proceeded in an unusually orderly fashion, as if everyone felt it was too hot to make a fight of it. Then on Sunday, with rain in the air and a breeze blowing in from Long Island Sound, the weather turned cool and the golf got hot at Fairfield's sedate old Brooklawn Country Club. Debbie Massey, who had started the day with a three-stroke lead as a result of three days of smart, solid golf, suddenly lost her composure and found herself tied for third. Sally Little began making birdies as though she was about to repeat the 65 she had in the last round of the 1978 Open, and at the turn she was tied for the lead. The tiny veteran, Sandra Palmer, who started in a tie for third, four strokes back, held steady and soon was in second. And Jerilyn Britz, the amiable 36-year-old former school-teacher from Minnesota who had led or shared the lead for the first two days before skyling to a 75 on Saturday—as 36-year-old non-winners of anything are supposed to do—began the day three strokes down, stumbled once, recovered, and marched into the lead alongside Little. By the 11th hole she led alone.

After that point, the gallery got what galleries hope for in the final holes of a tournament, a gripping match between the last twosome on the course, in this case Britz and Massey. Little's putter cooled off on the back nine, and Palmer shot an admirable one-under-par 70 for 286 and an eventual tie for second, but Britz and Massey fought it out until the last putt dropped. Massey, four strokes behind after the 11th hole, provided most of the fireworks, with four birdies in six holes, three of them in a row on 15, 16 and 17. But Britz, whose pose is awesome, failed to crack once through the last six holes, even though she was playing in the most prestigious title in women's golf, as well as going for her first victory as a pro. Britz' cool is so extraordinary that even after she had cold-

shanked her third shot on the par-5 8th hole and, as a result, was faced with a 30-foot putt to save par, she was able to blot out the memory of the shank and sink the putt with authority. "I have faith in the Lord, and I give Him all those worries and frustrations," she said after it was all over.

The Lord certainly giveth and taketh with exquisite timing. Even on the last tee, after the now tigerish Massey had birdied her third-straight hole to pull into a tie, Britz was able to whisper to her caddie, "We have nothing to worry about."

She was right. Massey popped her drive into a long narrow divot on the left edge of the 18th fairway, 170 yards from the green. She tore into her second shot with a four-iron that she said left another divot the size of a "burrowing elephant," but still landed several yards short of the green. Her putt to the putting surface rolled eight feet past the hole, her putt for par missed by a yard, and the short one for a bogey missed, too. Britz' winning putt for par was easy after that.

"If I could have won the Podunk Open, I'd have been very pleased," said Jerilyn. "To have it happen in the U.S. Open is an extra bonus." Britz is not the oldest player ever to win an Open—Fay Crocker was 40 when she won in 1955—but she is the oldest LPGA player ever to win a first tournament. Furthermore, her even-par 70-70-75-69—284 equals the best score in relation to par in the history of the Open. JoAnne Carner's even-par 288 in 1971.

Folk wisdom says that the Open is supposed to be won by players who have had long and successful amateur careers, players like Hollis Stacy and Carner and Massey, who are accustomed to playing on courses set up by the USGA with their healthy rough, narrow fairways and fast greens. That wisdom overlooks Open winners such as Sandra Palmer and Susie Berning and Britz, who more or less learned as they toured. Still, there was every reason to think this time that Massey, winner of the Canadian amateur

continued

three times, the Eastern amateur twice, the Western once, veteran of two Curtis Cup teams and low amateur in the 1974 U.S. Open, would hold up, while Britz, a gifted athlete who did not begin playing golf until she was 17, and who has been on the tour for six years without a victory, would fold under the pressure.

Britz, who travels the tour in a van that she describes as a rolling sporting goods store—it is chock full of golf clubs, basketballs, scuba gear and the like—is a 1965 graduate of Mankato State in Minnesota and was a phys-ed teacher, first at a high school in Minneapolis, then at the University of New Mexico, where she earned her masters, and finally at New Mexico State. She joined the golf tour because she had always wanted to be a professional athlete and there wasn't a lot to choose from. "I didn't care much for tennis, and I didn't think I'd be a very good boxer or football player," she said. She thought a minute and added, "Maybe I would have been a good boxer."

She is soft-spoken and fervently religious, and as tough a competitor as anyone in the Open field this year, a year in which Carner was missing because of a wrist injury. An Open without JoAnne ought to have an asterisk beside it in the record book. Massey suddenly began talking about Carner toward the end of the press conference that followed her painful double bogey on the last hole. Perhaps she thought of Carner because she felt she had not played the way Carner would have.

"I miss JoAnne; I really miss her," she said. "I love her spirit. She does miracles in the Open and she enjoys every second. She lets it fly and she's never scared. She has the heart of a lion."

The finest tribute to the new champion was paid in absentia by Carner herself. "There are no fluky winners in the Open," she had said earlier in the year. "An Open course requires too many skills just to survive every round. It is the ultimate test of golf."

Except for the absence of Carner and the oppressive weather, there were few complaints from players about the Brooklawn Open. The gallery, of course, had hoped for more fireworks from Nancy Lopez, its clear favorite, or Stacy, who

was gunning for her third Open in a row, but all in all, the course, designed by the celebrated A. W. Tillinghast in 1930, turned out to be an excellent test of nerve, skill and galling L.Q. Its moderate length, 6,010 yards, rewarded shoramaking and putting rather than long hitting, which pleased far more players than it discomfited, and the rough was of a height and thickness that they termed "fair."

The key to the course was the greens, which were moderately fast, mostly small and undulating, often elevated and guarded by deep, steep bunkers. Hitting them with the approach shot was critical because if one didn't, getting up and down was well-nigh impossible. A shot from a bunker or a chip from the rough invariably hit a downslope, and once under way the ball rolled until gravity dejected it was all right to stop.

Just hitting the greens was not enough, either. The ball had to land and stay below the hole for a player to have any hope of a birdie or reasonable expectation of a par. A downhill putt from even the shortest distance courted disaster. Lopez was particularly uncomfortable with the greens. She likes to putt boldly, but at Brooklawn the only place she could do that was from directly below the hole and against the grain. Otherwise she had to "baby" her putts, and that, she said, was not her style. "What this tournament is going to come down to," she said after the last practice round, "is who can stand over the eight-footer, downhill, and make it."

Beginning on Thursday, when she finished three strokes behind the leaders, Lopez fell a little further off the lead every day until on Sunday, when she was seven shots behind Massey, her situation was hopeless. Her first two rounds—73-73—were not bad, but as she said on Friday, "The adrenaline just isn't going yet. I've gotten birdies but I haven't gotten pumped up, and that is very important." On Saturday, playing with Stacy, she shot another 73, and that was the end of her fifth try for an Open title. Her best finish so far has been a tie for second in 1975, when she was 18 and still an amateur.

For her part, Stacy had won the last two Opens as well as three straight junior championships, in 1969, '70 and '71.

USGA courses like Brooklawn are as familiar as her own backyard, and the Open's sometimes intimidating blue-blazed atmosphere is just another family reunion. Her mother is a USGA committeewoman. Only three players have won more USGA titles than Stacy.

When her first-round 71 left her only one shot off the lead of Massey and Britz, she was bouncy and confident. After a 75 on Friday she was guardedly optimistic, pointing out that she had also shot 71-75 the first two rounds last year. "I figure I have one struggle round in this tournament," she said. The difference was that her 146 last year was only one stroke behind the leader. This time she was six strokes back, and her struggle would not be limited to one round. On Saturday she hit out-of-bounds on 18 and finished with a 74, winding up eight strokes behind Massey.

The crowd at Brooklawn set a Women's Open attendance record on the first day and kept getting bigger. On Sunday, even with rain threatening and Lopez out of the running, there were 13,000 paying customers. It was clear, in retrospect, that the 1979 Open would be seen as a watershed. Harry M. Stevens, that giant of the ball parks and racetracks, handled the catering, the first time the company had taken on a golf tournament; ABC had its golf crew there; advance sales of season tickets were double those of any previous year; and a green-and-white-uniformed army of 3,500 volunteers from clubs all over Connecticut scurried to do the manifold things that make a tournament big time.

The rambling Brooklawn clubhouse, perched on the knoll of one of the highest hills in Fairfield County, sparkled with fresh white paint. Its porches, shaded by striped awnings and spotted with large pots of petunias and geraniums, were alive with the well-turned-out crowds that set a major championship apart from the workaday tour. Even the USGA brass, most of whom used to view the women's championship more as a pain than a privilege, showed up en masse over the weekend to lend the authority of their striped ties to the occasion. And after Sunday's spectacular show, who could say that the occasion had not proved more than fitting? **END**

Benson & Hedges Lights

Only
11mg
tar

BENSON & HEDGES
100's



BENSON & HEDGES
Menthol 100's



"B&H,
I like
your
style."

11 mg. tar, 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



OH WOW! A CAREENING CARROT!

In the long annals of art, sport and downhill coasting, there has never been anything quite like the second Artists' Soap Box Derby—except maybe the first. Sport and art met briefly on a hillside in San Francisco, and the issue of the union was a happy hybrid for which 87 Bay Area artists created 87 sculptures, placed them on wheels of one sort or another and sent them careening down a 1,000-foot incline to the cheers of thousands of delighted spectators. As art, said one critic, the Derby was grass-roots surrealism. As sport, it was obviously cheerful anarchy. And as downhill coasting, it occasionally seemed to defy both gravity and description.





"If one of these cars runs into you," said the cheery voice of an announcer, "remember, you are being hit by a



work of art!" Since the occasion was perhaps the last Artists' Soap Box Derby, it would have been an honor.





POPSICLES AND PYTHONS

by SARAH PILEGGI

Some of the works were bizarrely beautiful, others simply bizarre. They bore no resemblance to each other and even less to any known conveyance, but each was a sight for sore eyes and a tonic for dulled senses.

One hundred Bay Area artists were invited last spring by the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art to create something, anything, that would roll down a slope in McLaren Park on the city's southern edge. Sponsors were solicited to contribute toward the expenses of creation, and a catalog of the artists and their entries was compiled: e.g., "The Art Farm is a group of artists and architects formed in San Francisco in 1968. They work in various mediums and are most widely known for the Cadillac Ranch, an environmental sculpture of 10 Cadillacs buried nose down in a wheat field in Amarillo, Texas."

Ever so gently, it was suggested by the museum organizers that, in the interest of safety, the rolling stock be reasonably limited in size and that the vehicles have drivers to steer them safely down the course. Naturally, the artistic temperament being what it is, in some cases both these suggestions were ignored. One entry, a tiny metal box with wheels that flew balloons and shot off small rockets, was radio-controlled. An entry called Amelia's Silver Cloud, with an aviatrix in helmet and goggles at its helm, perhaps should have been. It traveled 25 yards and rolled over, was right-

ed, went another 100 yards, rolled over again, was righted, and so on to the bottom of the hill.

Sculptor Al Farrow carved a reclining human figure the size of a tree trunk that caused an awed spectator to suggest the immediate evacuation of the crowd to Twin Peaks, three miles away.

Extravaganzas such as Larry Fuente's jeweled bog, every square inch of which was covered with swirls of beads, buttons, mirrors, door keys, colored pencils,



The whimsical vehicle sure can go, the key being hidden wheels.

table knives and miniature plastic toys, drew gasps of admiration from the twenty set observing from the top of the hill. An ingenious Polaroid Land Rover "camera," five feet high and spewing four-foot-square "snapshots" as it descended, drew gasps of fear when it suddenly veered into a solid wall of blue jeans halfway down the hill. And finally, gasps—not to mention howls, squeals and titters—echoed off the grassy hillsides and through the dark stands of Monterey pine when five people, one of them an immense young woman in a Valkyrie headdress, all riding on the frame of an ersatz Model T, simultaneously threw off their clothes and careened to

the bottom of the hill draped only in an eight-foot-long live python.

"It's exciting, it's funny, people have a good time. And there's art in the vehicles, the trophies, in the crowd," said Henry T. Hopkins, the distinguished-looking director of the SFMMA. Hopkins, normally a three-piece-suit sort of man, was a minor masterpiece himself on Derby Day, his silver mustache and gold-rimmed glasses set off as they were by a well-worn pith helmet.

As John de Marchi, a bush-bearded art instructor at Sonoma State College, took off, supine and feet-first on his Sonoma Flyer 3, an adolescent onlooker muttered admiringly, "Look at the sucker go!"

Ronald Jolliffe's giant orange Popsicle would have stopped any show not staged on a rather steep grade. As it was, his 13½-foot creation with two sticks separated neatly, as a Popsicle should, halfway down the hill, each half proceeding to the finish on its own. For Jolliffe, who is an instructor in ceramics and sculpture at Indian Valley College in Novato, Calif., the day was a merging of art and philosophy. "Popsicles don't cost much, and they can easily be broken to share with friends. I think I really like things that are still O.K. when they break," he said.

Like its predecessor, the second Artists' Soap Box Derby was a critical and financial success. Fifteen thousand dollars were raised for the SFMMA's acquisition fund for the purchase of works by Bay Area artists; artists of widely varied persuasions mingled amicably for a day; small children came into contact with art and found it didn't hurt, and the sport of downhill coasting took at least as many technological strides forward as back.

The fact that there have been a first and a second Derby, separated though they were by three years, would seem to imply there might be a third someday, but so far there are no definite plans. As a museum volunteer said, "It takes everybody at least a year to recover from the last one."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPROUSE

Flushed with excitement, or embarrassment, Tyrone Head guides his creation downhill

LESS "TAR" THAN ALL LEADING LONGS*

COMPARE L&M LONG LIGHTS

	MG "TAR"
L&M Long Lights	8
Winston Longs	19
Winston Light 100s	13
Benson & Hedges 100s	17
Benson & Hedges 100s Lts.	11
Marlboro 100s	17
Marlboro Lights 100s	12
Golden Lights 100s	9
Pall Mall Gold 100s	19
Virginia Slims	16
Merit 100s	11
Vantage Longs	11

And only L&M Long Lights
give you the taste of 100%
virgin tobacco!



TASTE L&M LIGHTS. ONLY 8 MG. "TAR."

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

*Based on Maxwell Report, 1977

Long Lights, 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report (May '78).

SPORTS JUNKIES OF THE U.S., REJOICE!

Last winter Getty Oil paid \$10 million for a majority interest in a hitherto unknown and practically non-functioning little cable TV company in Plainville, Conn. called The Entertainment and Sports Programming Network, Inc., or, more informally, ESPN. Indeed, Getty's decision to underwrite the firm seems to have had more than a few overtones of extrasensory perception and supernatural insight: ESPN may become the biggest thing in TV sports since Monday Night Football and nighttime World Series games.

ESPN plans to launch the nation's first 24-hour sports network by Dec. 1, a nonstop telethon that will ultimately result in 8,760 hours of annual programming—every single possible hour, and seven times as many hours of sports as the three major networks combined now air in an average year. ESPN will present a mind-boggling (and, perhaps, numbing) flow of games, matches and contests, ranging from live tennis from Moscow shown at 3 a.m. to taped NCAA football games on view from 8 a.m. to midnight on most autumn weekends to a mixed bag of volleyball, water polo, fencing, crew, etc., etc.

As 23-year-old ESPN vice-president Scott Rasmussen puts it, "What we're creating here is a network for sports junkies. This is not programming for soft-core sports fans who like to watch an NFL game, then switch to the news. This is a network for people who like to watch a college football game, then a wrestling match, a gymnastics meet and a soccer game, followed by an hour-long talk show—on sports."

Twenty-four-hour sports programming is the balm of Rasmussen and his father, William F., 46, president of ESPN, both experienced broadcasters. It evolved from a plan to patch together a regional network for some University of Connecticut sports events. But in checking on the use of RCA's Satcom satellite for these transmissions, the Rasmussens discovered that for the same price they could transmit nationally instead of just regionally.

"That was in July 1978," says the elder Rasmussen. "The RCA satellite had been up since 1975. It had only two-thirds of its transponders signed. We got to thinking we should get on it, then build our own receivers. We then got an investment-banking firm to help us finance the payment and applied for a spot.

Around Labor Day 1978, *The Wall Street Journal* ran a story on the bid. Within days, everyone wanted a spot on it—Warner Bros., 20th Century Fox, Home Box Office. It was suddenly a hot property. But the government insisted on first come, first served. So even though we were little guys no one had ever heard of, we had our place on the bid. We could send nationally."

Since then, the number of cable TV stations able to receive satellite transmissions has increased enormously: to 350 stations in January 1978. The number is expected to reach 2,500 by the end of 1979. The Rasmussen network will begin broadcasting on Sept. 7 with 12 hours of programming on weekdays and 19 on weekends. "The NCAA contract is our central source," says William Rasmussen. As now envisioned, ESPN's 24-hour broadcasts will consist of about 65% NCAA sports, 20% non-NCAA events (e.g., Davis Cup tennis, PGA tournaments, oddball sports such as Irish hurling) and 15% non-event programs (news, talk shows, etc.).

The NCAA contract was designed so it wouldn't conflict with the NCAA's agreements with ABC (football) and NBC (basketball). "We didn't want to take anything away, we just wanted to supplement their coverage," says William Rasmussen. "Our agreement requires us to televise all 18 NCAA sports—and all the championships except basketball, which is NBC's. And we can do basketball games up to the semifinals."

ESPN will pay each college \$1,500 for a major sports event such as a football or basketball game. The network cannot simultaneously televise events that the major networks broadcast, but can show them on a delayed basis, and during the football season it cannot begin to air its taped football telecasts until after 10:30 p.m. to protect ABC's exclusivity. But once under way, ESPN will be airing no fewer than four college football games each Saturday night and all day Sun-



RASMUSSEN PROJECTS 24-HOUR, YEAR-ROUND SPORTS TV

day—except during prime NFL telecasts. Then ESPN will counterprogram, putting on soccer or gymnastics as an alternative for pro football-saturated junkies.

The broadcast potential of ESPN is limited to the number of U.S. homes that have cable: at the moment about 20% of the national TV audience, roughly 14.5 million homes, are hooked up. But ESPN will be financed by advertising instead of subscription. At the moment, the network has signed Anheuser-Busch for a \$1.38 million package, and other advertisers are coming in—at the bargain rate of \$4,000 for a 30-second spot.

With financing now set, the Rasmussens are having five mobile transmission units built (above, a model) for \$1.5 million each. And in the most ambitious leap of all, the network will bid on U.S. TV rights for the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. ESPN has put up the \$750,000 earnest money required to qualify for the coming auction. "We're serious," says William Rasmussen. "We're willing to go close to what NBC paid for the Moscow Olympics [\$85 million]. We'd like to get the whole show, but what we expect to happen is that we'll share with one of the major networks. If they want to do 50 or 60 hours of programming from L.A.—O.K. We'll do the 100 or 200 hours they don't want. We aren't in business to restrict the Olympics only to cable-TV owners. We want to add to the regular network coverage."

END

Hometown kid makes good

Lee Mazzilli, Brooklyn's very own, has become a Met star and budding idol

One afternoon last week, about an hour after his 10th-inning run had given the New York Mets a 4-3 victory over the Los Angeles Dodgers, Lee Mazzilli left Shea Stadium by a back entrance. From behind the 10-foot chain link fence that encloses the players' parking lot, a cry—no, a shriek—came forth: "Lee! It's Lee! Oh, Lee!" Mazzilli seemed flustered and walked shyly past his Cadillac Coupe de Ville toward a throng of girls. They thrust pens through the fence and twiddled. Mazzilli is olive-skinned, dark-eyed, high-cheekboned—very Kiss-Me-I'm-Italian.

And surely they would have, but for the fence. Mazzilli has inaccurately been

Although Mazzilli's appearance in both his neatly tailored uniform and multi-caucas female fans to squeal with joy, no woman has yet fenced him in



described as a John Travolta look-alike, though both have a vulnerability—perhaps in the eyes—that women seem to find agreeable. He really looks more like Bucky Dent, the reigning poster boy of the Yankees, except that Mazzilli has the advantages of being a bachelor and being able to hit. He signed some autographs, stopped a few hearts with a quiet "How you doin' today?" (sounding rather like Rocky Balboa), then returned to his car. An 18-year-old girl, wiping tears—of what? ecstasy? fantasy?—from her eyes, snapped at her father as he tried to reclaim his pen. "No! He touched it! He touched it!"

"Believe me," Mazzilli said, driving away, "that was nothing."

Something is when they tear off his shirt collar or pluck out his hair. He has put up with, even courted, such attentions since becoming the starting center-fielder of the Mets two years ago, at age 22. But this season Mazzilli has also become the star the Mets predicted he would be when they made him their first draft choice in 1973. In what has otherwise been a dismal season for the club, Mazzilli leads the Mets in batting (.322) and walks (54, for a .419 on-base percentage), is second in RBIs (48), stolen bases (21) and home runs (9), third in runs (45), and was the only Met selected to the National League All-Star team.

"You can compare him to Pete Rose," says Dick Sisler, the Mets batting coach. "Both are switch hitters, they use the whole field, and they can beat you a number of ways. He's got a little more power than Rose, but I wouldn't want to see him go for home runs. It would ruin his swing. He dips his shoulder sometimes when he goes for the pump."

Nonetheless, the Mets' manager, Joe Torre—who like Mazzilli is an Italian-American raised in Brooklyn—expects Mazzilli to "go to the pump" more often in the future. "He's not going to be a George Foster or a Mike Schmidt," Torre says, "but he can hit 25 homers. He's comparable to another switch hitter, Ted Simmons, who's as good a hitter as there is in the league. Both are questionable defensively but, because they work

continued

hard, are still better than average."

Mazzilli's speed allows him to cover centerfield effectively, but runners are not afraid to try for an extra base on him; he does not throw well. Until he turned pro in 1974, he played ambidextrously. He owned a left-handed mitt and a right-handed mitt, brought both to his high school games, and would decide on a whim which to use. There is no conceivable advantage in being an ambidextrous outfielder, but such a talent does attract attention, and Mazzilli has never been one to shy away from attention. M. Donald Grant, who ran the Mets when Mazzilli was drafted, claims that the club first heard of him from a cashier at Grant's brokerage firm. "She told me her brother-in-law ran a team in Brooklyn that had a great prospect who could throw just as well with his left or right arm," Grant says. "Which was true. But he didn't throw well enough with either to be a major-leaguer."

The Mets signed him out of Abraham Lincoln High School in Brooklyn—among whose alumni are playwright Arthur Miller and singer Neil Diamond—and told him to concentrate on throwing right-handed, because he could make the transition to other positions more easily as a righty. (Ironically, because the organization has some good young outfielders in its farm system and a first baseman, Willie Montanez, who is making \$330,000 a year and hitting .220, there is now talk about playing Mazzilli at first, where it is better to be left-handed.)

In his three years in the minors, Mazzilli improved steadily, showcased his speed by stealing seven bases in a seven-inning game and perfected the basket-style catch of his childhood hero, Willie Mays. This did nothing to improve his throwing arm, and he has since reverted to more conventional eye-level catches with men on base—but, as Mazzilli says, "The fans seemed to like it."

Indeed, almost from the day that the Mets brought the kid from Sheepshead Bay to Shea, the press has called him a throwback to the days when New York boasted three of the top centerfielders in baseball—Mays, Mickey Mantle and Duke Snider. A .250 hitter as a rookie, Mazzilli was batting better than .300 last year until mid-June, when he tired; he finished the season at .273. The seventh-leading hitter in the National League at the All-Star break, Mazzilli seems likely to finish above .300 this sea-

son and could even get 200 hits. "I'm not saying I can't win the batting title," he says, "but I don't think I will this year. I've got a lot more to learn. And it's tough to stay up there with a last-place team. The dog days. . . ."

Ah, the dreaded dog days. Mazzilli has experienced them for two straight summers with the Mets, and he already says he will talk tough when his contract expires after the 1980 season. He grew up a Mets fan, and like most of them, he is critical of the club for not participating more actively in the free-agent market. Were he to test those waters, Mazzilli would attract immense interest. He knows it. Not much about Lee Mazzilli slips by Lee Mazzilli. Perhaps it was just coincidence that the organist at Shea Stadium broke into Carly Simon's "You're So Vain" when Mazzilli stepped on the field before the Dodger game to sign autographs. Perhaps not. "If everything can be kept in the proper perspective," says Torre, "Lee's got limitless potential."

Oddly, it was Torre who gave Mazzilli's heartthrob image its first big push by presenting him with an ITALIAN STATION T shirt during his rookie year. The name has stuck. He is also known to his teammates as "Hollywood." Last winter he did a reading for Paramount Pictures which, Mazzilli says, "they were well pleased with." He met Robert DeNiro and was mentioned for the role of DeNiro's brother in a film about boxer Jake LaMotta, *Raging Bull*, though nothing came of it. All of which makes perspective a little difficult for Mazzilli, who is not only contending with the legends of New York centerfielders past, but also with that of the memorable New York actor Joe Namath. "This stuff is good up to a point," Mazzilli says, "but it can get out of hand. I want to be known as a ballplayer. I don't want to be known as the heartthrob of New York. Though it does have its fringe benefits."

He says this with an engaging and not altogether innocent smile. He has an ITALIAN COVER pin on his locker, presumably voluntarily, and some say he has had his uniform form-fitted. Mazzilli's done all right in endorsements, too, lending his name and good looks to a chain of men's stores, a restaurant and Amoco. None of this is lost on the Mets, who held a Lee Mazzilli Poster Day last week. The only other Poster Day the team held was for Hank Aaron.

Clearly the Mets are holding their

breath, hoping not to lose the first potentially great offensive player in the history of their franchise before they have a chance to rebuild around him. "I don't know what's in the wind for me," Mazzilli says, quietly, sounding very much indeed like Rocky Balboa. "I'm not getting married till I make my first million, and I plan on making a lot more than a million when I sign my next contract, I'll tell you that. Till then, I take things on a day-to-day basis." Which doesn't sound so terribly hard in Mazzilli's case, and is probably not a bad way for a Met to get through the dog days.

THE WEEK

(July 8-14)

by JIM KAPLAN

NL EAST In a topsy-turvy week highlighted by a New York 6-2 spurt, first-place Montreal dropped six of eight and its lead shrank from 5½ games to two. Pitcher Ross Grimsley sunk to a new low by starting three losing games in one week. He was beaten 8-6 by the Dodgers, was lifted with a 5-4 lead over the Padres (his teammates went on to lose 7-5) and was beaten 28-0 by the Expo kids in the team's annual family game. When Grimsley complained that his outfielders—the adult ones—were playing too shallow, Manager Dick Williams barked, "All he has to do is stop play and move them." Another Expo starter, Steve Rogers, thought he saw the sacrifice sign on a 3-and-0 pitch and bunted into a double play. "Babe Ruth would have been taking," moaned Williams. "I've been in this game for 33 years and I've never seen that."

The Cardinals (2-4) played slightly better but comported themselves worse. Shortstop Garry Templeton, selected as a backup player for the All-Star Game, refused to go. "If I ain't starin', I ain't deartin'," he said. Reserve Bernie Carbo, miffed at his lack of playing time, arrived at the Astrodome 25 minutes before game time. Manager Ken Boyer fined him an undisclosed amount and suspended him for one game.

Chicago (6-1), Philadelphia (6-1) and Pittsburgh (5-2) moved into serious contention. Despite injuries to Dave Kingman and Bill Buckner, the Cubs hit .330. Even Pitcher Bruce Sutter, who had four saves to extend his major league-leading total to 22, contributed with a key two-run single. Pirate pitchers were unusually sharp, particularly John Candalaria, who beat the Braves 5-1 on 80 pitches, and Kent Tekulve, who saved three games. Paced by Willie Stargell's two homers, Pittsburgh swept a three-game series in

continued

Now Havoline is Supreme.



Havoline Supreme is Texaco's 10W-40 motor oil with a special friction fighter that has been proven in fuel economy tests.

Extensive tests showed that 2 of the leading 10W-40 motor oils advertising extra gasoline mileage couldn't beat Havoline Supreme.

What's more, Havoline Supreme is the motor oil that gives your car trooper-tested protection.

In fact, Havoline Supreme exceeds *all* car manufacturers' warranty requirements for gasoline-powered cars. No wonder we call *this* Havoline Supreme.



If you do it yourself, do it with Havoline.

the Astrodome, where Houston had won 18 of its previous 20. The Phillies assaulted the record books. Steve Carlton struck out 14 Giants and five Padres to boost his career total to 2,583, tying him for 10th on the all-time list with Warren Spahn. And Del Unser set a major league mark with his third straight pinch-hit homer. "I've finally done one thing that's going to make people remember me," said the 12-year veteran.

MONT 48-35 CHC 47-37 PHIL 49-41
PIT 45-39 ST L 43-42 NY 37-46

NL WEST No team in the division had a winning week. Houston (1-5) extended its losing streak to seven, in the process hitting .213 and failing to clot a homer, get a complete game from a starting pitcher or score more than three runs. "Four or five guys have to break out," said Third Baseman Enos Cabell, "because we don't have a power hitter." The Astros finally ended the slide by beating the Cardinals 3-2.

Cincinnati (13-5) mustered on playing in the rain at Riverfront Stadium and regretted it. The Reds blew a 7-0 lead and lost 10-8 to the Cubs in a major-league game that ended before fewer than 500 weary fans at 2:55 a.m. But Tom Seaver moved into sixth place on the all-time strikeout list with 2,823, passing Cy Young, and Manager John McNamara was rehired through 1980.

San Francisco (3-5) took three straight from a first-place team (Montreal) and lost three straight to a last-place team (New York). In a 7-6 defeat at the hands of the Mets, the Giants wasted 17 hits. "It is truly cosmic," said Rightfielder Jack Clark.

San Diego (4-4) buzzed with cries and whispers. Some players grumbled when Gaylord Perry was allowed to spend four days in North Carolina after beating the Mets. Others wondered about Reliever Rolie Fingers, who lost two games and was rocked for 15 hits and nine runs in 7½ innings before returning to get his 12th save, against Montreal. There were no doubts about Rightfielder Dave Winfield, who hit .433 and became the first Padre chosen to the All-Star team.

Atlanta (3-3) cost itself a fourth straight winning week by committing five errors in a 5-1 loss to Pittsburgh.

Los Angeles (12-5) Manager Tom Lasorda was willing to try anything—including coaching at third—but still came under heavy fire. "He has lost control of the team," an unidentified player told two suburban L.A. reporters. When Burt Hooton forced home a run by walking New York Pitcher Dock Ellis, Lasorda lashed out. "Dock Ellis," he said, "couldn't hit water if he fell out of a boat."

HOU 54-39 CIN 47-45 SF 44-48
SD 43-52 ATL 39-51 LA 36-56

AL EAST Despite Luis Tiant's 84-pitch, one-hit, 2-9 win over Oakland, the Yankees (2-4) were aghast. They scored one run in each of three losing games and blew a 4-0 lead to California in another. Newly activated reliever Rich Gossage, who hadn't given up a homer in 42 previous appearances, served up three in that game.

The Red Sox (4-2) pitching staff also threw a 2-0 one-hitter at the A's. Steve Renko no-hit Oakland for 8½ innings before earning a victory with relief from Bill Campbell. For the week, Renko had two wins, Campbell two saves in 19 hours and Carlton Fisk and Burt Hooton two homers apiece.

Onion behavior ranged from churlishness by Manager Earl Weaver, who departed only as far as a dignified bathroom after being ejected from a game, to resignation on the part of Pitcher Mike Flanagan, who lamented that his time-consuming 7-3 win over Oakland prevented him from hearing the encores at a nearby Bee Gees concert. Thanks to Flanagan (two wins), Don Stanhouse (two saves) and Eddie Murray (.435 hitting), the first-place Dreads (4-2) were more than stayin' alive.

Milwaukee's title hopes revived in a 6-1 week. Ben Grieve set a club record with three homers at one game, but the highlight was Charlie Moore's base running in a 4-3, 17-inning win over Cleveland with the Brewers trailing 3-2. Moore led off the 17th with a single. He tugged up and advanced to second on Dick Davis' long fly. The ball went in to Pitcher Victor Cruz who, feeling that Moore had left first base too soon after the tag-up, prepared to throw to first. Moore distracted him by dancing off second. Cruz inadvertently gestured toward him with the ball, nullifying, under the rules, any chance for an out ruling at first. Then Paul Molitor walked, Don Money doubled home Moore and Gorman Thomas hit a sacrifice fly to score Molitor. Pitcher Mike Caldwell (10-5), reacting to being left off the All-Star team, flurried, "[AL Manager] Bob Lemon showed poor judgment, and [AL President] Lee MacPhail stinks."

Detroit (14-5) and Toronto (2-4) took solace in winning performances by rookie pitchers. The Tigers' 20-year-old Dan Petyl lost his first major league start to Milwaukee but later in the week beat the White Sox 3-1 on four hits. The Blue Jays' 22-year-old Dave Stieb threw two complete games, settling the Brewers 7-1 and the Twins 4-2, the latter on national television. Despite a 4-3 week, Indian fever subsided. Rightfielder Bobby Bonds shocked everyone, especially his worshipful fans (a.k.a. Bonds' Brigade) when he asked to be traded at the end of the season. Bonds had unsuccessfully sought a \$940,000 increase on the remaining four years of his five-year, \$440,000-a-year contract.

BAL 56-31 BOS 55-32 MIL 53-38 NY 49-42
DET 44-45 CLE 42-47 TOR 29-63

AL WEST While California (page 12) won four of six, Kansas City lost seven straight (and 14 of its last 15 games), dropping 10 games off the pace, yet Coach Steve Boros was strangely mirthful. "I had a choice of coming here or going to a baseball clinic," he told a booster-club luncheon, "I chose to come here. Of course, the clinic was in Nicaragua." The Royal staff might have been there, too; it was shelved for 50 runs and 12 homers. The Royals have already given up 102 home runs, last year's total was 108.

Two unusual hot streaks continued. Seattle (3-3) took two of three from the Yankees. The Mariners have won 13 of 17 Kingdom games against New York. And the White Sox swept a three-game series with Texas; they have now won eight of their last 10 meetings with the Rangers.

Despite its Disco Inferno forlorn (page 10).

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MIKE SCHMIDT: The Phillie third baseman homered four times, taking the National League lead with 31. His first three homers of the week gave him seven in five games, to tie a league record. He also had 10 RBIs.

Chicago took five of eight, getting two wins from rookie Pitcher Ross Baumgarten and a three-homer game from Claudell Washington. The White Sox capped a newsworthy week by signing ex-pro Quarterback Bobby Douglas as a pitcher and sending him to their Iowa farm club. "He can throw a baseball 95 miles an hour," claimed Chicago Manager Don Kessinger after watching Douglas in practice. Texas managed to salvage a 4-3 week but again lost Pitcher Jon Matlack to the 21-day disabled list with elbow problems.

The surprising Twins stayed in the race by winning four of seven on the road, where they have the league's best (.26-20) record. Mike Marshall saved two games, extended his league-leading total to 18 and kept his temper in check when Manager Gene Mauch bypassed him in a close game for Pete Redfern, who recorded the save.

The unsurprising A's lost five of six and reached the All-Star break with baseball's worst record (25-68). The team is hitting .233 and the pitchers, featuring onetime All-Star Mazy Kough (10-11), have an earned run average of 5.03—also the worst in the majors. Who could fault the fans at Oakland Coliseum for cheering on the visiting Red Sox? Indeed, the closest thing to a hero the A's could muster all week was rookie Rickie Henderson, who broke up two no-hitters with singles.

CAL 54-36 TEX 52-38 MINN 47-41 KC 49-47
CHC 41-49 SEA 40-53 OAK 25-68

U.S. Government Report:



Box or menthol:

Ten packs of Carlton

have less tar than one pack of...

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Kent	12	0.9
Kool Milds	14	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Merit Menthol	8	0.6

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Parliament Lights	9	0.6
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage Menthol	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9

Carlton is lowest.

Less than 1 mg. tar,
0.1 mg. nic.

Of all brands, lowest... Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar
and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine,
Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.



The Spartans' Smith and Tennessee's Holloway pledged allegiance to Hamilton and Ottawa.



Flow of arms across the border

In impressive numbers, those U.S. quarterbacks regarded as expendable by the NFL have found work in Canada

They're either too small, too young, or too stubborn to play quarterback in the NFL, so they enlist in the CFL, which could well stand for the Canadian Foreign Legion. There a man can leave his past behind and plunge into obscurity, no questions asked, as long as he pledges temporary allegiance to the Calgary Stampeders, the Hamilton Ticats, whatever. About the only thing a quarterback in the Canadian Football League can't be is Canadian.

The CFL is also a good place to find the answers to trivia questions beginning, "Whatever happened to . . . ?" Condredge Holloway, the Tennessee quarterback several years ago, is an Ottawa Rough Rider. Jerry Tagge, formerly of Nebraska and the Packers, is playing for British Columbia. Ron Calcagni of Arkansas and Ed Smith of Michigan State are rookies for Montreal and Hamilton, respectively. Tom Clements (Notre Dame), Warren Moon (Washington) and Jimmy Jones (USC) are also on CFL rosters.

They came to Canada for a variety of reasons, most of which, when elucidated, mean the NFL didn't want them. That's not so much an indictment of the players as it is of the system. "I was drafted in the 12th round by the Patriots, and they let it be known they were going to try to make me a defensive back," says Holloway. "So instead of wasting my time and theirs—I don't want to tackle anyone anyway—I came up here. I played against and beat players who were

drafted No. 1, but my stature just didn't fit into the NFL computer."

Holloway's current stature is that of the best young quarterback in the CFL. (The best graybeard is 36-year-old Tom Wilkinson of the University of Wyoming, who led Edmonton to victory in The Grey Cup last year.) Holloway's coach, George Brancato, says, with a trace of a sneer, "Connie's sure better than a lot of quarterbacks down there." Last year Holloway and Clements alternated at quarterback, and they finished 1-2 in the voting for the best at the position in the Eastern Conference. Clements, who is anxious to wear the uniform of the Kansas City Chiefs next season, was planning to play out his option, and the Rough Riders traded him to Saskatchewan, one of the worst teams in the league.

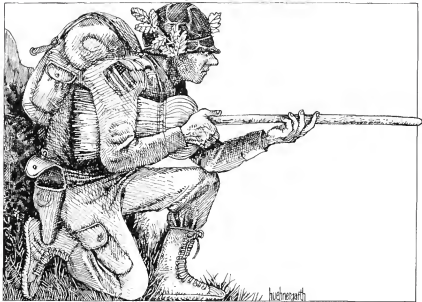
That left Ottawa with Holloway, but who's complaining? He was more than enough to lead the Rough Riders to a 30-19 victory over Hamilton in the season opener last week. The 5' 10" water bug completed 14 of 24 passes—most of them thrown while on the run—for 244 yards and three touchdowns. He scooted five times for another 47 yards and ducked out from under a half dozen heavy pass rushes. And he didn't think he had a particularly good game.

Canadian ball was made for Holloway, and indeed most running quarterbacks. The field is 11½ yards wider than it is in the NFL, which gives passers more room to scramble and more time to spot receivers, of which they get an extra one because each team has 12 men. There are three downs instead of four, so the ball changes hands more often. Offenses are geared to passing and big plays.

Moreover, CFL quarterbacks usually call their own plays, something their NFL counterparts rarely do, because Canadian rules allow only 20, not 30, seconds between plays. The defenses are not nearly as sophisticated as they are in the U.S., which makes a passer's job that much easier. And the end zones are 25 yards deep, offering a larger receiving area when the ball is near the goal line. "It's just a whole lot of fun," says Tony Adams, who is in his first year with the Toronto

continued

Can you imagine a strong national defense without an adequate supply of steel?



Just how much should America count on overseas sources for steel? What happens if those sources are suddenly cut off—or if they suddenly decide they need their steel at home?

Last year steel imports reached an all-time record of 21.1 million tons. And unless we soon start expanding our domestic steelmaking capacity, that figure could reach 25 to 30 million tons a year by 1985. And America could find itself as dependent on foreign steel as it is on foreign oil.

What's needed to insure an adequate supply of domestic steel for America's national economy and national defense? Governmental policies that will allow the American steel industry to generate the additional funds needed to modernize and expand.

Bethlehem 

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016

GREAT GOING, PONTIAC!



MORE MILES BETWEEN FILL-UPS IN THIS REMARKABLE FULL-SIZE PONTIAC.

This year's Catalina has an EPA estimated (city) range of **372** miles. That's an estimated (city) improvement of 37 miles per tankful over the '76 Catalina. The estimated highway range is 559 miles. Which is even more remarkable when you consider today's smaller fuel tank capacity.

18

EPA ESTIMATE MPG

27

HWY ESTIMATE

We obtained the 79 range figure by multiplying the estimated MPG (city) and the highway estimate by the car's 20.7 gallon fuel capacity rating.

Remember: Compare the circled estimated MPG with other cars. Mileage and range may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual city mileage and range will probably be lower in heavy city traffic. Your actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than the highway estimates. Catalinas are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various

divisions. See your Pontiac dealer for the details. But that's not all.

NO FULL-SIZE CAR SOLD IN AMERICA GETS BETTER GAS MILEAGE.

You simply can't buy a full-size car sold in this country that gets better EPA estimated MPG than our '79 Catalina. Not a one. In EPA tests, Catalina chalked up the estimates shown at left. Pretty impressive.

Especially when you consider what Catalina has to offer. More overall passenger and luggage volume than its '76 counterpart.

Handsome new appointments like standard full-width seats. Simulated regal walnut on the instrument panel. New trim. New fabrics. More available features. From Rally RTS to wire wheel covers to nine sound systems.

Plus trim new styling that we think makes this the smartest looking Catalina ever and your best full-size buy of the year. Test drive one soon.

**MORE PONTIAC
TO THE P GALLON**



GM

ronto Argonauts after sitting on the bench for Kansas City for four seasons.

There's even more to put on the recruiting poster. If a quarterback is young, gifted and impatient, Canada is the place to be. Calicagni, for instance, might have had to wait years before he could take off his headphones in an NFL game, but with Montreal he's likely to be starting before the season is over. "I always wanted to play in the NFL," he says, "but even in college people kept telling me I was perfect for Canadian football. I didn't want to sit on the bench for five years, so I did what was best for Ron Calicagni. I can always go back." Which is what such CFL alumni as Joe Theismann, Mike Rae and Joe Pisarcik have done, with varying degrees of success. "We train them and develop them, then those bandits steal them," says Brancato.

The CFL pay scale is not exactly NFL, but then again it's not bad. Adams claims he's making more money this year than any of his former teammates on the Chiefs will be making.

The approach to the game is more relaxed in Canada than it is in the NFL. There are no computer readouts showing which plays opponents are likely to call. Practices aren't filmed, and the Rough Riders schedule theirs in late afternoon to accommodate players who have other jobs. The Canadians have a sense of humor, too. A Rough Riders' press release announced the signing of an imported wide receiver, Burrito Wans, described as a two-foot shepherd of German ancestry who could do the 40 in three seconds flat. Burrito was given a pregame tryout, to the delight of the fans.

Not that moving to Canada is without its traumas, professional and personal. In a preseason game Adams threw the ball out of bounds to stop the clock, only to discover that it doesn't. The biggest shocker for Joe Barnes, who signed with Montreal in 1976 after the Jets made him a running back and cut him a week later, was cultural. "When my wife and I first arrived, we moved into an almost entirely French-speaking suburb. I'm from Lubbock, Texas, so I love to talk, but there was nobody to talk to."

"People here are open to American players who stay, rather than come in for six months, take the money and run," says Holloway, who signed a three-year contract and bought a house in Ottawa.

The influx of U.S. quarterbacks has made employment difficult for their Canadian counterparts. The only one of the species extant is Gerry Dattilio, a Montreal native who plays behind Barnes and ahead of Calicagni, but that is subject to change. Neither Barnes nor Dattilio was impressive in the Alouettes' 11-9 victory over the Argonauts in their season opener, although Dattilio, who took over in the second half with the Alouettes losing, got the win in relief.

Dattilio set all kinds of passing records at Northern Colorado, but then spent three years in the CFL before he got a real chance to play quarterback. "I had to change positions to keep my job,"

one "designated" import. Here it gets tricky. A designated import playing any position other than quarterback may enter the game only once, and the player he replaces is out of the game; a DiI quarterback can be freely interchanged with the regular one.

The rule was designed several years ago by CFL Commissioner Jake Gaudaur to make sure each team had a qualified sub at quarterback. Until then, teams would send in any warm body if the quarterback went down, and the game would deteriorate. The rule's effect has been, in Brancato's words, "to kill the Canadian quarterback."

The CFL even has its own version of



Dattilio (left, with Americans Barnes and Calicagni) is the CFL's only current Canadian quarterback.

he says, "wide receiver, defensive back, slotback. I'll retire before I play anything but quarterback again."

There have been a few outstanding Canadian quarterbacks, the best of whom was Ottawa's Russ Jackson. Another notable was Ron Lancaster, now the Saskatchewan coach. But Lancaster was a "funny Canadian," a naturalized citizen. Why the lack of homegrown talent? As Dattilio points out, "Canadian kids are born with hockey sticks in their hands. And they only have a fraction of the training available to U.S. athletes."

But the real rub lies in the CFL rules. A team is allowed 15 imports (i.e., non-Canadians) out of 33 players, including

the Bakke case Jamie Bone, a former quarterback for the University of Western Ontario who was cut by Hamilton last year, has brought the club before the Ontario Human Rights Commission, charging that the Tiger-Cats discriminated against him solely because of his nationality. The team said it had other quarterbacks of "superior ability," but offered Bone another tryout, which he refused. Testifying for Bone, Dattilio said, "If I had known then what I know now, I would have applied for U.S. citizenship."

There's more than a little irony at work. While the CFL offers golden opportunities for U.S. quarterbacks, Canadians are advised to go south. **END**

Jacques Lavigne did not think of it as "criminal activity," not in the usual sense. He did not think of himself as a criminal. Criminals put guns in people's ribs and broke heads. Jacques considered himself "a nonviolent person." He did, however, think of himself as a man who liked a "challenge" when money was to be made. Around the tracks he had that reputation, and he did not play it down. His formal education was sketchy, but he said he had "mingled with intelligent people" all his life, and many of them knew the dark attraction of fast money. He said, "You can't beat experience."

Jacques, whose thick, horn-rimmed glasses gave him a steady, opaque look, was the son of a Maine lumberman of French-Canadian descent and had grown up around race-tracks. He had been a groom and an assistant trainer, and he

had made an inauspicious stab at jockeying, until he grew too big. Then he moved to Florida and into the racing plants themselves as a ticket seller and, finally, a calculator in the mutuels rooms, the fiscal centers of pari-mutuel betting.

The line between right and wrong tends to blur around betting establishments. Money floats. Anglers flower. In the landscape of potential larceny, Jacques found a natural habitat. He was thrilled by stories of older men who had found ways to "manage" the system and bring down some of that floating money. The artful dodgers and cozeners who claimed to have found an edge told how they "handled" the old calculators, penciling in a winning ticket here, a place ticket there, and cashing in. Jacques was fascinated, but he judged it "nickel-and-dime stuff." Jacques liked to measure a score in terms of "six goose eggs." If he ever

WIN PLACE... AND STING

The computerized betting setup seemed foolproof, until Jacques found a flaw for a scam so slick its victims didn't even know they had been stung

by JOHN UNDERWOOD



got the chance, he said, he would "go for the maximum."

It was when the computers came in that Jacques' interest peaked. The computers streamlined the betting process; like a mind with a thousand hands, they translated the indiscriminate bets and channeled the money. From his vantage point in the mutuels room at Flagler Dog Track in Miami, Jacques could see the computer operator's skilled fingers activate the electronic magic of the machines in the room next door, and the magic transferred into the tote boards in the infield, the lights flashing. Like the lights, Jacques' nerve endings jangled. He said he "caught on to it like really quick."

He began feeling around, the line of his questions arousing interest among possible allies. He became friendly with a computer operator named William Deal, who seemed to

see life as he did. One night while working in the mutuels room he asked Deal if it were possible to "pull tickets" out of the computers. Deal said he'd look into it. A few days later, between performances at the dog track, Deal joined Jacques for a walk in Coral Gables and told him he "had it." Deal said the computers could indeed be fixed. He explained to Jacques how he could do it.

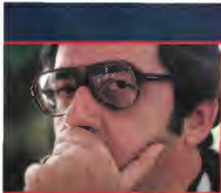
Jacques was not convinced. The perfect scam at a racetrack, he said, must have a "safety factor," must "arouse no suspicions" when you make a big score, not from the track officials who balance the books, not from the fans who can see their bets working on the tote board. Knowledgeable fans are wary of wildly fluctuating odds.

And then one day in the early 1970s, as Jacques peered out onto the infield, watching the lights through

—*continued*

Working their push-button larceny in full view of Flagler's dog track bettors, the manipulators (not the crew shown here) kept programming winners





STING continued

his jelly-jar glasses, he saw the flaw. It was something, actually, that he did not see, but it was clear to him nonetheless, like an opening in a scrimmage line. The safety factor he needed. He saw it and he knew he was going to make a potful of money.

He knew he was going to make it because he could take it and the track would not know or, for that matter, care. The track would not lose a dime. He was going to steal it from the betting public, take money right out of the bettors' hands without their knowing it. Without their ever knowing. He would steal their money even as they happily counted their winnings, because it was from their winnings that he would steal.

And he would not get caught because there would be no alarming shifts on the tote board, no somersaulting odds to catch the eye. And at the end of the day there would be no shortages, no counterfeit tickets lying around and no evidence that could not be destroyed.

What Jacques saw as the final lubricant for his plan was a flaw in the system the tracks themselves had provided. The computers had opened up gimmicky wagers to lure the players, among them the trifecta—a bet requiring the selection of the exact 1-2-3 order of finish in a race. The odds against winning such a bet are immense, but the bait is seductive, the biggest payoffs sometimes running to five figures. However, in an eight-dog field the

trifecta creates 336 possible betting combinations. The odds can be handled easily enough in the computer, but it is impossible to post them all on the infield tote board; there is not enough room. The tote board is the player's barometer. On it he can see the odds dance, and he can chart his win, place and show wagers against the betting pools, determining almost to the nickel what they will pay. When he bets the trifecta, however, the odds and the pools are not there; he is blacked out until the payouts are flashed.

As a result—and this is what Jacques saw—the trifecta odds could change dramatically, even after a race, and no one would be the wiser. They could be changed in and by the computer itself as they drifted in the electronic limbo of the computer memory, awaiting the operator's release of the final printout and the posting. Deal assured him that between the finish and the final posting he could "move" tickets from one "address" in the computer to another, manipulate the switches in such a way that tickets purchased on losing dogs could be re-addressed to the number of the winner. The final totals would match. He could do it quickly enough to avoid suspicion. And he could do it right under the noses of the men the state paid to stand watch—because they knew zilch about computers.

It fascinated Jacques, the idea of betting those machines. "If man plays 'em, there's a way," he said. "It's like break-

ing the bank at Monte Carlo." He thought it ironic that the track would, in effect, be party to his larceny. The track's insatiable appetite for ways of getting into the public pocket had made it easy—easier still with the introduction of trifecta "wheel" tickets, tickets that allowed a bettor, at \$84 a play, to pick one number and wheel the others in the field, covering all trifecta combinations with that number. To move trifecta wheel tickets, Deal had only to readdress one number instead of three.

A problem for Jacques was keeping the conspiracy safe but wieldy. He and Deal could not work it alone. The simple logistics of moving, printing and then cashing the tickets without raising questions demanded assistance, and there were at least two areas to insulate: the mutuels room, whose personnel was employed by the track, and the computer-totalisator operation, run by Automatic Totalisators. A company incorporated in Delaware and serving 60 wagering plants nationwide, Autotote, serviced all the Flagler betting machinery and ran the computers. Deal was Autotote's computer manager at Flagler.

In the mutuels room, Jacques needed a soothing voice to calm track officers in case of a foul-up, someone in authority to explain any delays to the stewards and the two state agents overseeing the operation. Jacques had no fear the latter would discover anything on their own.



Jacques Lavigne (far left) was the mastermind. One of his cohorts, Gilles Caisse, embraced him with after being found guilty, and investigator Martin David looked on. Stingers Peter Barilbeault and Ann Barr each got a refund.



They were "coffee drinkers," he said.)

Jacques had gotten friendly with a fat, wise-talking mutuels calculator named Richard Korn. He considered Korn "a dealer—he likes money." Jacques had no trouble persuading Korn. In turn, Korn enlisted the mutuels manager, a man named Al Johnston. Jacques had "heard stories" about Johnston and had himself heard Johnston talk about the chicanery of "the old days." Jacques sent Korn into Johnston's office to talk. Five minutes later Korn emerged with his thumbs up.

To protect Deal in the computer room, they rang in the assistant computer operator, a man named Robert Watters, and Watters himself was taught the procedure so that he could serve as Deal's backup. A third Autotote employee named Gilles Caisse was enlisted primarily to keep a record of the bets moved by the operator and subsequently to print the corresponding tickets.

None of the conspirators had a criminal record. They were mookie crooks, coming to bat for the first time, with all the attendant qualms. But once under way the scheme functioned perfectly. (When it proved out, Jacques said he experienced a kind of inventor's euphoria, a sensation not unlike levitation.) Deal had a cautious but steady hand and a good memory. The latter was important because he had to choose his address changes quickly and carefully. The moment the dogs bolted from the starting

box, when he ordinarily pushed the "race increment" button which would set up for the next race and print out the betting results, Deal switched off Computer "A," one of the two computers used to orchestrate the betting process at the track. In Autotote's dual system, "A" was official; it fed directly into the tote board. Computer "B" ran simultaneously, offering the same information—the amount bet, which windows it was bet through, the odds, the pools, the breakage, etc—but was used only as a backup.

No one noticed when Deal turned off the computer. There were no telltale lights, no alarms. He waited the minute or so it took the dogs to run around the track, and on a signal from one of his confederates in the mutuels room—giving the winning number as the dog crossed the finish line—he transferred bets recorded on losing numbers to the winners. The transfer involved as many as 20 toggle-switch maneuvers and required upwards of 30 seconds. He then turned the computer back on and hit the "race increment" button to produce the final print-out of the betting. The bogus figures were now implanted with the legitimate bets.

The rest was routine. When the race judges verified the order of finish, Deal punched the "compute prices" key, then hit the "display" button to light up the payoffs on the tote board.

The maneuver had the effect of diluting the trifecta pool with the addition of

illegitimate winners. The unnoticed loss to the legitimate ticket holders could sometimes be spectacular. If, for example, two tickets were moved in a trifecta that had a betting pool of \$4,000, and there had been only two legitimate tickets purchased on that number, the fraudulent tickets would rob the lawful bettors of half their winnings, the payoff being split four ways instead of two and the price dropping from \$2,000 a ticket to \$1,000. In the flush of a \$1,000 victory, of course, bettors are not inclined to demand a recount.

Computer "B," meanwhile, clicked on without interruption, undoctored and unattended, spewing out its evidence against the conspirators, which they themselves routinely wadded up and tossed into a wastebasket.

All that remained was to print and cash the tickets. Caisse printed them after the evening program, when Autotote personnel customarily serviced the ticket-issuing machines behind each cashier's window. His presence was not unusual. With the ticket machines no longer hooked up to the computer, it was simple enough to insert a "date stick" (a plastic key that imprints the date and proper code letters on each ticket, with the letters changing from race to race to discourage counterfeiters) and manually run off the tickets.

For accuracy and for accounting purposes, Caisse kept a record of the trans-

continued

fers on a small "code sheet," a list of the day's code sequences given to the tellers to code the machines, and totaled the trifecta payoffs on the sheet.

Jacques himself would go to the post-performance ("outs") window the next day to cash the tickets. He distributed the take at the track that night. Caisse then disposed of his "record," tearing the code sheet into pieces and throwing it in the wastebasket.

In the early days, the crew moved with fear and caution. Pickings were slim. Then one day a race went off and tickets were moved, and suddenly the conspirators were the only "winners" in the trifecta pool—a \$26,000 payoff. For the first time, Jacques understood what "going for the maximum" could mean. He was 30 years old, making \$14,000 a year, and he could see his life swelling with promise and his family living "comfortably forever."

He told his wife their surprising good fortune was a result of his skill as a handicapper. He had always been an enthusiastic gambler; now, he said, he was a smart one. To cover himself at the track, he made frequent trips to the ticket windows, buying and, occasionally, cashing legitimate tickets. He cautioned his accomplices to avoid "unusual displays of wealth." Nevertheless, Jacques now did things he never did before. He took his family to Disneyworld. He "thought

nothing" of paying \$30 a pair for his children's tennis shoes. He bought season tickets to Miami Dolphin games, and for the first time in his life went deep-sea fishing. He loved it. He made plans to buy some horses "for somebody else to train."

Like an underground stream, the swindle rolled on unnoticed. For the conspirators it became almost routine, like a second job. They milked the computers like a cow. Despite their fears, there was nary a hitch.

In 1975, however, after a year of manipulation, Deal resigned from Autotote and the scam was temporarily suspended. Jacques did not approach Deal's replacement. Waters worked the scheme in 1976, but in 1977 he was promoted, although he remained in Florida as regional manager, traveling from track to track. The conspirators were not able to get to the computer operator at Flagler that year, but at the Pompano harness track, where he worked that winter, Jacques approached a young computer operator named Richard Hudson. Hudson had assisted at Flagler before and was scheduled to go back there again as the computer manager.

As roguish figures go, Hudson left a

Sentences in the dog track caper ranged from nine months up to 15 years for these conspirators, who ultimately cooperated with investigators and coughed up much of the lost

lot to be desired. Slightly hunched, with lank brown hair and nervous eyes, he had a diffident conversational manner and spoke so softly that everything he said sounded confidential. But Jacques was not put off. He sensed something "good" in Hudson. Sitting together under a race monitor in the Pompano clubhouse, Jacques laid it out. He told Hudson there were "ways to move tickets in the computer" and a "lot of money to be made." He showed Hudson the key to a safe-deposit box and hinted at its contents.

"You interested?" he asked.

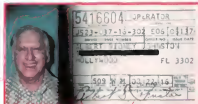
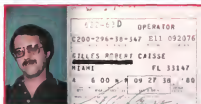
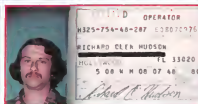
Hudson felt a wetness in his hands. He was 28 years old, working 80 hours a week to make \$22,000 a year. Married just a few months, he and his wife were buying a house.

"Yeah," he said. "I'm interested."

"Think about it and I'll talk to you at Flagler. Just don't say anything. You could get a lot of people in trouble."

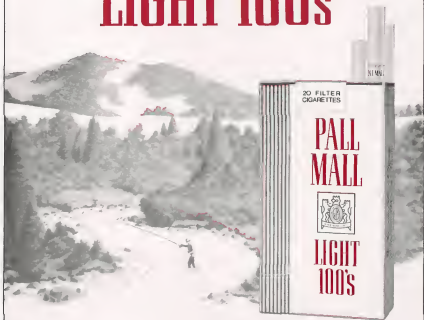
Hudson thought about it. He thought about the people at the track who bet, people who "really don't care where the money's going. Out there day after day throwing their money away. They're not going to miss a couple bucks."

On the fourth night of the Flagler meeting, Waters came in to show Hudson how to manipulate the computer. Waters made a bobble or two. Hudson took the controls, but also made mistakes. In correcting, however, he continued



Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

PALL MALL LIGHT 100's



The most flavor you can get in a low tar cigarette!

**Only 12 mg. tar
1.0 mg. nic.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

was able to move two tickets for a small payoff. When that session was over, he told Watters he thought he was going to throw up.

"That's the way it is," Watters said. "You tighten up. Your heart pounds. You get a headache." Watters said he got that way every time. He said it didn't make it any easier that passersby could watch the computer operation through a picture window on the ground floor of the Flagler grandstand. Their fraud, however specialized, was consistently on display.

But Hudson soon settled down. His fears subsided, to be replaced by a decisiveness under fire that the group had not known before. He got better and better, and was soon completing ticket transfers in less than 30 seconds.

"The kid's all right," Johnston told Jacques.

"Richie's the best," said Jacques.

As the payoffs mushroomed, Jacques became aware of a new risk: his regular appearances at the outs window. He began using "10-percenters," track hangers-on who cash tickets for high rollers and income-tax evaders. Most frequently he used an insurance man named Wayne Murray, who seemed to spend more time at the track than he did selling insurance. Jacques also put an outs-window cashier on the payroll, a man named Bill Bobson. Neither Murray nor Bobson knew where the tickets were coming from. When payoffs went over \$600 and were not cashed by Murray, Bobson saw to it that the IRS forms, known by their number as "5754s," were signed, again by 10-percenters willing to risk arrest for a buck or two. Usually they signed the forms in advance and never saw the figures entered on them. The forms were clipped to the tickets after they were presented to the cashier for payment.

Jacques handled this part of the operation. As orchestrator of the scheme, he knew everybody involved, but he did not tell everybody all that was going on. Only Hudson and Caisse knew that Murray, the truant insurance man, was not getting 10% for cashing tickets; he was getting 5%. By the same token, Hudson and Caisse had only Jacques' word for what he paid the others. Watters, traveling a lot, had no way of staying informed. He was actually in on a pass, anyway, a bonus for his previous involvement. On the other hand, Korn and Johnston had no way of knowing how many tickets were printed. They also had to take

Jacques' word. Hudson knew because he transferred the bets; Caisse knew because he printed the tickets.

Usually, Caisse printed the tickets at a particular trifecta window, No. 507, that was convenient and provided a degree of privacy. In his confidence (Jacques would later call it laziness), Caisse came habitually to 507. On Aug. 30, 1977, jacked up "to put more in," Hudson moved 35 tickets—rigging every trifecta payoff on the matinee and evening programs. Four of the tickets were for more than \$600. Caisse printed them all at Window 507, without bothering to check the computer printout to see if any tickets had actually been sold at that window. The next day, Murray signed the 5754 forms for the IRS, cashed the tickets at Bobson's outs window, and turned the money over to Jacques.

By that time, computer operator Hudson had a problem—not at the track but at home. Originally, he had kept his share of the take in a suit jacket hanging in a closet. One day his wife, Doris, found the money and demanded an explanation. "I won it," Hudson said. "Good," said Doris. "Just don't lose."

But as the money accumulated, Hudson's discomfort grew. Watters, the only member of the group he saw socially, cautioned him regularly against "splurging." In Hudson's case, there was no need. Never having had money, Hudson was in a position to buy for the first time but, unlike Jacques, he was afraid to. The role of thief niggled at him. His excesses were modest, and mostly attributable to his less inhibited wife. Doris began to collect expensive Hummel figurines.

One night Hudson came out of Flagler with \$10,000 in his pocket. "This ain't real," he said to himself. "If I get rolled, the lucky sonsabitches won't know whether to kill me or kiss me." He opened a safe-deposit box at a bank in Hollywood, Fla. and put the bulk of his money there. He stashed additional money in a plastic bag and buried it under the patio where he sometimes fed his dog.

When he could no longer explain away his incredible good fortune, Hudson confided in Doris. Until that moment, no one outside the conspiracy had known of the scheme. Doris was the first. She would not be the last. Unlike her husband, Doris had a wide circle of friends and was not a reluctant conversationalist.

Without going into details, Hudson told her he was "doing things" with the computer and "messing with the outs book." Doris said, "You better hope to God you don't get caught."

The call to the Dade County State Attorney's office came in midafternoon of Sept. 2, a Friday, as the staff was breaking up for the Labor Day weekend. The governor had a report that persons unknown might be working some kind of massive fraud at the Flagler Dog Track. Details were sketchy. They were provided mainly by an informer, a somewhat dubious track regular seeking reward money. State Attorney Richard Gerstein immediately called Martin Dardis, his chief investigator. "Don't leave," he told Dardis.

For Dardis, it was a familiar summons. He was Gerstein's prize bloodhound. He had been a cop 30 of his 50 years and had a national reputation for what he called "de-scheming schemers."

A ruddy, barrel-chested, quick-witted Irishman, Dardis had grown up tough in upstate New York. Subsequently he moved to Florida to investigate for the attorney general, became a police chief and then Gerstein's chief investigator. Gerstein said Dardis had "the greatest gift I've ever seen for putting the pieces of a crime puzzle together."

Dardis knew his way around race tracks. He had de-schemed fixers who fed drugged meatballs to dogs at Bonita Springs in the '60s and had busted a ring operating a "wire service" to post-post bookies at Hialeah in 1963. He had solved each case with stunning speed. "I'm not a step-over-the-body cop," Dardis said. "At five o'clock I don't go home."

Gerstein arranged a meeting late that afternoon with the Flagler attorney and a representative from the state pari-mutuel wagering division. The informer had contacted David Hecht, owner and general manager of Flagler, a week before, telling him somebody was "messing around with the outs book," cashing what must be fraudulent tickets at the past-performance window. The informer said they were "using the computer." He said he knew because he had a "close friendship" with the wife of one of the computer operators, a man named Hudson. He implied that he and Mrs. Hudson were not so close that he would refuse a reward for supplying evidence. He said he had no idea how long the scam

continued

unlike
ancestors
MICHELOB

BE

*Weekends
were made
for Michelob.*

had been going on or how many people were involved, but it was "big." He said that Hudson's wife mentioned the names "Caisse" and "Jacques."

Hecht had tried to run it down but drew a blank. The track was not short any money. All figures balanced. Counterfeit tickets were out of the question because they would have created deficits. Fearing a more sinister influence, Hecht had approached the IRS and the FBI. The former said, "It would take two years to run this down." The latter said it was outside its jurisdiction. At Gerstein's meeting, ominous possibilities were raised: "nationwide implications" and "millions and millions involved," with "Mafia involvement" suspected.

Dardis said that his inclination "when people start talking Star Wars" is to get out and get closer to the source. Keith Dodwell, executive vice-president of Autotote, had been flown in to aid in the investigation and was in a hotel near the airport. Dardis left the meeting and at 6 p.m. he was in Dodwell's hotel room.

"They're doing something with the computer," Dodwell said. "They're my people, and they're doing something."

"How do you know that?"

Dodwell gestured to a pile of papers on his bed, many of them torn and rumpled. He said it was the debris from the trash can in the computer room at Flagler. A week's collection of garbage.

He placed two sheets of printed material side by side on the bed, identifying them as Autotote computer printouts from an August race at Flagler. "These are supposed to be identical," Dodwell said. He ran his finger down the columns indicating the trifecta prices paid on the race. Computer "A" showed a winning payoff of \$2,905, Computer "B" \$14,527. "A" showed five winning tickets, "B" showed one.

"A" is official, but I think it's a phony," said Dodwell.

"Is it possible to change the figures in the computer?"

"It's possible."

"Maybe you better tell me how everything works, Dardis said."

Dodwell said that in Autotote's dual computer system every bet was fed directly from the ticket windows into the computer memory via a scanner that monitored the various selling locations. Every 90 seconds the computers disgorged printouts containing every piece

of betting information on the race.

Computer "A," said Dodwell, dispensed three copies, one for the mutuels room to check against the cash brought in after each race, one for the state to verify tax revenue, the track's take, breakage, etc. and one as a permanent record. Computer "B," he said, was a backup, used only in emergencies. The "B" copy was generally thrown away.

"If this is what I think it is," Dodwell said, holding up the two printouts, "they're tampering with the trifecta winners." He said the track had "the name of a guy who cashed a whole lot of trifecta wheel tickets at the outs window. I don't know who the guy is. They haven't told me. They're not telling me who the informer is, either." He said everybody suspected everybody else, and that Hecht was blaming Autotote for everything.

Dodwell said that if figures were altered in the computer, that had to be done by the operator, a man named Richard Hudson. Or his assistant, a man named Gilles Caisse.

"What about a 'Jacques'?"

"There's a guy named Jacques Lavigne in the mutuels room. I don't know him. He's not one of our employees."

The two men ordered sandwiches from room service and began rummaging through the liner on the bed. Past midnight, Dardis began to puzzle over a small sheet of paper with twin columns of letters, one under the word MAT, the other under EVE. A date was imprinted at the top of the sheet. On either side of each column were handwritten figures that had been totaled at the bottom. Dodwell said the slip of paper that he had pieced together earlier was an official "code sheet," run off daily for each machine. The columns of letters—BCLT, RSV, etc.—indicated which code stick had been placed in the mutuel machines before the matinee (MAT) and evening (EVE) programs on the date indicated.

Using figures written down on another sheet by one of the conspirators from a Computer "A" printout, Dodwell compared the figures noted on the code sheet with the trifecta payoffs for that day, allowing for multiple ticket "purchases" in some races. The figures matched. He said the totals at the bottom apparently represented the amount "won" by the figure writer—over \$16,000 for the day.

On Saturday morning, Sept. 3, the last day of the Flagler meeting, Dardis arrived at the track early and slipped in

through a side door and up a private elevator to Hecht's office. If fraudulent tickets were being cashed, he not only had to know how, but he also had to link the tickets with the computer room, and he had to do it in a hurry.

He stayed the weekend, sleeping on the floor of a conference room Hecht provided. Hecht also provided ticket stubs and 5754 forms signed by the man who had cashed the unusual number of trifecta tickets, an insurance salesman named Wayne Murray. Murray had enjoyed a breathtaking run of luck. He had cashed trifecta tickets worth upwards of \$150,000.

Sealed in the conference room, not sure what he was looking for, Dardis began weeding through large boxes of printouts, 5754 forms and cashed tickets. It was slow, painstaking work. Ticket after ticket, form after form. He called in two assistant investigators to help. Late Sunday night he found it.

In the columns of ciphers on the computer printout for the seventh race of the Flagler matinee of Aug. 30, he found that Machine No. 507, located in a trifecta ticket window in the grandstand, had sold no trifecta wheel tickets: the entry said "0." But when Dardis matched that figure against his collection of 5754 forms, he saw that Murray had cashed four trifecta tickets worth \$12,000 on that race—and each ticket wheel bore the signet of Machine No. 507.

Dardis unclipped the tickets from the 5754 form and compared them with the test ticket run off at each machine before each race program. The test tickets are kept on file. The date and code numbers were consistent, but the impressions were not. With the naked eye, Dardis could see subtle differences. He called in a lab expert, who confirmed the suspicion: yes, the tickets were printed by the same machine. No, they were not printed at the same time. The code was the same but the stick had been changed.

For Dardis, this proved two things: 1) Someone had come back to Machine 507 after the computers had been turned off, reinserted a code stick and manually printed the four tickets Murray had cashed; 2) The thief did not think to look on the printout to see whether any legitimate tickets were sold at Machine 507 for that race.

This meant that Wayne Murray's tickets were fraudulent.

Labor Day morning, Dardis called

continued

There's a full-size car that's big on economy.

Look at the facts:

The New Chevrolet has been proven by over 1.5 million owners in its first 3 years. Its full-size style, comfort and value made it the most popular car in the country. And a standard by which other full-size cars can be judged.

FACT:

33% better gas mileage.

Compared to a few years ago. The New Chevrolet is much more fuel-efficient. The '79 Caprice and Impala show a 33% increase in EPA estimated MPG (city) over 1975 models, each with base V8 engine and automatic transmission. California and highway percentage increase is less.

FACT: Hundreds of miles between fill-ups.

A car's driving range is an important consideration for you. Look at The New Chevrolet's numbers. Estimated city range is [336] miles, highway estimate 441

miles. These figures obtained by multiplying the 21-gallon fuel tank capacity by (16) EPA estimated MPG (city). 21 highway estimate for a '79 Caprice or Impala with available 5.0 Liter V8. California estimates over

Remember: Compare the EPA estimated MPG with that of other cars. Your mileage and range may vary depending upon speed, trip length and weather. City mileage and range will be less in heavy city traffic. And your actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than the highway estimate. The New Chevrolet is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

FACT: A lot of built-in Chevy value.

Naturally, The New Chevrolet comes well equipped with the kind of value you're looking for in a full-size car.

- Room, ride and comfort for six.
- Spacious trunk capacity, with about 20 cubic feet of usable space.
- Automatic transmission.
- Radial ply tires.
- High Energy Ignition.
- Power steering.
- Power front disc/rear drum brakes.
- Engine diagnostic connector.
- Delco Freedom battery.
- Full Coil suspension system.
- Extensive corrosion protection.
- Long service intervals.

Your Chevrolet dealer is the man to see to buy or lease a new Caprice or Impala. He'll show you how you can have a full-size car that's big on economy and a whole lot more.

And that's a fact.



Caprice Classic Sedan



The New Chevrolet.



Some people set their sights higher than others.

Seagram's V.O.

The symbol of imported luxury. Bottled in Canada.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Canadian whisky. A blend of Canada's finest whiskies. 6 years old. 86.8 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

Gerstein. Although he had not slept, he was wide awake. Dardis said, "I not only know they're doing it, I know how. And here's the hell of it—they're not cheating the track, they're cheating the other bettors. They could go on forever and nobody would ever know."

He said he had an IRS form showing that a part-time carpenter named Leon E. Rodriguez had won a \$2,900 trifecta on the seventh race on Aug. 30. "Mr. Rodriguez probably jumped up and down for joy," Dardis said, "but what he didn't know was he had the only legitimate winning trifecta ticket bought on that race. The race had a trifecta pool of nearly \$15,000. His ticket wound up with four electronic partners that cheated him out of \$9,000. The track got its share, the state got its share. But Mr. Rodriguez was taken, and doesn't even know it."

Dardis ordered Murray picked up for questioning.

"What am I doing here?" Murray said in Dardis' office at the Metro Justice Building in Miami. "I'm an insurance man."

"Is this your signature on these \$754 forms?"

"Yessir."

"You cash these trifecta tickets?"

"Yessir."

"Where'd you get 'em?"

"I bought 'em in the clubhouse."

"You're a damned liar, Mr. Murray. Here's the printout sheet from that date. Not one ticket was sold at Machine 507 for that race. How can you cash a ticket from a machine that didn't sell you one, Mr. Murray? These tickets are fraudulent, and you're in trouble. Where'd you get these tickets, Mr. Murray?"

Murray said, "I got 'em from Jacques Lavigne."

Dardis ordered dossiers worked up on the 15 people who had access to the mutuels and computer rooms at Flagler. Within hours he knew what they drove, what they drank, where they banked. He knew how they spent their weekends. He was not sure how many were involved, but there had been movement to make him believe they had been tipped off. He suspected mutuels manager Johnston because he knew Johnston had been told of Hecht's suspicions the week before. Dardis baited Johnston. Walking by him in the mutuels room, he said in a loud voice to one of his investigators, "I really appreciate your working late hours like this, Phil, but you can take my word for

it—somebody's definitely going to the can. These guys are all going off to Raiford [the location of Florida's maximum-security prison]."

The conspirators, who were under surveillance ordered by Dardis, rose to the bait. On Tuesday, the day after Labor Day, Rick Korn, Jacques Lavigne, Al Johnston and Richard Hudson all emptied their safe-deposit boxes.

Dardis now found it necessary to make a pivotal decision. The lines of resistance could harden quickly. It was an after-the-fact case. Even if he knew all the principals, which he did not, it would be impossible to connect them all to the butt end of a smoking gun. They would soon finish breaking down the betting equipment at Flagler and be moving on, perhaps permanently.

Dardis decided to "turn" a conspirator, one whose guilt he could prove—grant him immunity in order to implicate the others. He had divided the suspects into two general groups. The mutuels personnel were mostly itinerants who traveled from track to track like carnival people; Dardis thought of them, generically, as "angle shooters." The computer people, on the other hand, he found "more introspective" and "less likely to bluff or run for a lawyer." He decided to turn one of these. He decided to turn Richard (Rick) Hudson.

Hudson was the man physically at the controls, and the man whose wife had let the cat out of the bag. Although Dardis could not prove that Hudson had received stolen money, he could prove that he had doctored the computer.

Dardis called in the informer who had instigated the investigation, an unemployed radio salesman named Irv Solotoff. Dardis had mixed feelings about Solotoff. On the one hand, he was an acknowledged bounty hunter who had used his friendship with Doris Hudson in order to make a buck; on the other, he had contributed the first break in the case, and had volunteered to be "useful" in the investigation. Solotoff enjoyed being a party to police intrigue. He readily agreed when Dardis asked him to wear a transmitter and go to see his friend Doris Hudson.

For two days Dardis listened as Solotoff's conversations with Doris sent light into the corners of the case. A pretty, overweight blonde with the vocabulary

of a dock worker, Doris told Solotoff that Al Johnston had alerted everybody that the state attorney was investigating. She said her husband Rick and the others had been "reassuring one another that they [the police] can't find anything," but she wasn't banking on it. She said she was afraid they'd take her "\$6,000 Himmel collection." She packed the figurines in a box and gave them to Solotoff to hide, along with \$15,000 in cash. She said she had another \$1,500 in a vacuum cleaner at home. "And you should see where Rick has the biggest amount. When I fed the dog last night, I broke up laughing."

On Thursday, Dardis subpoenaed Doris Hudson and presented her with a proposition: get Rick to return the money, cooperate in rounding up the others, and the state would not prosecute. "He'll do it," said Doris.

The two were in the Hudson house in Hollywood retrieving the money when Rick walked in through the back door. "What's going on?" Hudson whispered.

Technically, Dardis was outside his jurisdiction; the Hudsons lived in Broward County. Nonetheless, he braced Hudson sternly: "Sit down, Richard. I don't want you to say anything, just listen. And when I'm through it'll be decision-making time. This is the money you stole."

Hudson looked at Doris. "You gave it to him?" he whispered.

"Yes."

"I'm going to tell you how you got it, what you did, who you did it with, and then it's up to you to see that it's survival of the fittest. Lavigne, Caisse—they're looking out for themselves, just like everybody else. I think you're the least culpable of anyone. I think you drifted into this thing, and you're sorry you did. But you've got a problem. This is your home, your wife and your hide."

Hudson, paling, said, "What do you want me to do?"

"You'll have to go with me now and take a polygraph test. Then you have to agree to be wired and go back with 'em. Then you may have to testify. If you do those things, you walk. If you don't, I suggest you get yourself a lawyer and I'll see you in court."

Hudson nodded. "I'll cooperate."

It was a 45-minute drive to the justice building. The conversation in the car between Dardis and Hudson was casual. Hudson said it was "a relief" to get his life of crime over with. He hadn't been able to sleep for a week. Dardis fished

continued

for details. Names were dropped, some of them surprising. Dardis had not suspected Watters.

"You guys ever figure out how much you made?" Dardis asked.

"A million, I guess. Maybe more."

Hudson said it was impossible to know because he'd been in it less than a year. It was his understanding that the group had been operating for three or four years at Flagler alone. He said he "wasn't sure" if it was going on anywhere else. "but it could be." He said the leader of the group was Jacques Lavigne.

Hudson was wired for a week—recording the conspirators as they met, near panic, for "conferences"—at Korn's lawyers' office, at a pancake house, at a hamburger joint.

The taped conversations convinced Dardis no one else was involved. The conspirators always talked their way back to the crime. Lavigne and Korn complained about Caisse "going back to that goddam window" every night to run off tickets.

The roundup, save for a few anxious moments when Lavigne was "lost" vacationing in New York, was swift and sure. The conspirators fanned out after the track closed, but all except Johnston were arrested and were back in Miami by Sept. 19, less than three weeks after Gerstein's initial call to Dardis.

As Dardis expected, the Autotote people, Caisse and Watters, like Hudson, turned state's evidence. They agreed to plead out. The mutuals men, Korn, Johnston and Lavigne, hired lawyers. But ultimately they, too, made a negotiated plea on the charges (grand larceny and receiving stolen goods), took polygraph tests and agreed to make full restitution. All except Jacques Lavigne. Lavigne refused to cooperate.

Caisse and Watters got nine months in the county jail. They served the time on a "work release" basis, going to daily jobs and checking back in at night. Johnston got one year. Korn got a year and a half and Lavigne was sentenced to 2½ to five years, with probation based on restitution. William Deal, the original computer skinner, who had resigned and was rehired by Autotote in 1977 as its northern district manager, was not arrested. The statute of limitations had run out. This time, however, he was fired. Wayne Murray and Bill Bobson were not tried. In the strictest sense, they were not

part of the crime, only hapless conduits.

Although the conspirators returned a total of \$192,000 to Dardis (Caisse had kept \$60,000 in foil-wrapped packages in his deep freeze), restitution was difficult to work out. Claimants flooded Dardis' office, some of them trying to palm off tickets purchased at other tracks (and even in other years), and others with no more evidence than saying, "I bet a lot of trifectas at Flagler."

Dardis kept the money in an interest-bearing bank account, where it grew to \$210,000 while claims were being processed. The legitimate ones were easily found by way of the IRS forms. Leon E. Rodriguez got his \$9,000. Dardis found some patrons had cheated themselves by giving bogus addresses on the forms.

Jacques Lavigne, meanwhile, returned nothing.

In announcing the circumstances of the arrests, Gerstein called it "the cleverest criminal scheme I've ever seen—the victims were winners who never knew they were being shortchanged." He called it "a typical example of the kind of detective work that makes Martin Dardis justifiably famous."

But Jacques Lavigne stuck in Martin Dardis' craw. He had passively accepted a possible five-year prison term after the court was told by Dardis that he, Lavigne, "steadfastly refused to cooperate and is the most culpable of all." It bothered Dardis that Jacques "stonewalled me." He had returned no money, taken no polygraph test.

Several months later, Dardis and a friend drove upstate to the Avon Park Correctional Institution, where Jacques was serving his time. On the way, he speculated on the pattern of Lavigne's thinking. He said he thought Jacques had "calmly and coldly figured it up—that he'd do his time, listen to how much restitution was demanded of him, pay it and then go off and enjoy the rest of his money." Dardis admitted it wasn't a bad idea. "God knows how much he's got stashed away. A quarter million, maybe more. There's no telling. But he's in a dream-world. If he thinks he's going to do that and live happily ever after, he doesn't remember what the judge said—restitution and a lie-detector test. He could wind up with another five years."

Dardis said he had come to like Jacques Lavigne, as one often does a worthy adversary. In a calmer voice, he began to play the devil's advocate. "On

the other hand," he said, "what is restitution? It could be a drop in the bucket compared to what he has hidden away. And if he fails the lie-detector test, so what? Lie detectors aren't admissible, anyway. Old Jacques is no fool."

Lavigne seemed glad to have Dardis drop by, although it was hard to tell behind those jelly-jar glasses. Jacques said he had been working in the prison printshop—Dardis laughed at this—and "taking a couple of college courses."

They chatted amiably for an hour, much like two minor executives rebalancing a deal that had gone in one's favor.

"We had too many guys," Jacques said. "Or to put it another way—we had too many wives. No one else but Riche told their wives. My wife never for an instant knew what was going on. Still, when we got Richie on the machine, I knew we could go for the maximum."

"What was the maximum?"

"A million apiece. At least."

"You know why it was tough for me, Jacques? Because I got in on it after it went down. It would have been easier solving a murder. I want to tell you, it was a damn clever scheme."

"We made mistakes we never should have made," Jacques said.

"That's right, but let me tell you where you really blew it, Jacques—except if I tell you, you have to promise you won't do it again when you get out."

They both smiled.

"You got greedy. All you had to do was keep the tickets under \$600. No matter how many people informed, no matter how many wives threw you in, I'd never have caught you. Once you started filling out 5754 forms, you left your mark. The corpus delicti."

"Yeah, I know. But there's no way in the world you can prove the other years. Everything else is hearsay. No tickets, no forms, no printouts, no garbage."

"Tell me about it, Jacques." Dardis said ruefully. They smiled again.

"Did you make a million, Jacques?"

"All of us? More—closer to two."

"What was the most you ever had in that safe-deposit box?"

Jacques paused, staring, thinking. "I'd rather not say," he said.

"Would you do it again, Jacques?"

Lavigne made a slight, involuntary shake of his head, as if to start a disclaimer. Then, his face relaxed, and he said, "Yes, probably. But you'd probably catch me again."

END

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 100's, 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL,
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

The Vantage Point

Where great taste and
low tar meet.



Great taste once belonged only to high tar cigarettes. Not any more. The secret? The specially designed Vantage filter works together with our rich 'Flavor Impact'™ tobacco blend to deliver satisfying flavor in every puff. That's Vantage. Low tar with a uniquely satisfying taste. And that's the point.

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's

The hardest thing for a mentally retarded person to learn is to believe in himself.



Volunteer Ron Guidry teaching a Special Olympian

You have the chance to teach him.

How? By becoming a Special Olympics Volunteer. Special Olympics is the world's largest sports program for mentally retarded people. Special Olympians all over America and in 30 foreign countries take part in year-round activities such as soccer, track, swimming, gymnastics, bowling.

Special Olympians learn how good it feels to develop physically. But even more important, they develop precious self-confidence. They can clear that bar. They can sink that basket. They can do things that other people do. And yes, they can believe in themselves, perhaps for the first time.

Volunteer your time. There are almost 1,000,000 athletes in Special Olympics. We need volunteers to train, coach, chaperone, and encourage them.

Volunteer your money. This year, with a contribution of \$200.00, you can sponsor an athlete at the 1979 International Special Olympics Games, August 8-13, in Brockport, New York. But any donation will help.

Volunteer your love. Come to the games! Cheer the Special Olympians, and share in the excitement that everybody feels.

YES, I'LL HELP

☐

Here's my address. Send me your Special Olympics Booklet on how I can participate _____

☐

Here's my contribution of \$ _____

Write to: Eunice Kennedy Shriver, President
Special Olympics, Suite 203, 1701 K Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20006

Special Olympics created and sponsored by the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FAVORITE SON

Sir:

It's about time Dave Winfield got the recognition he deserves (*Good Hit, Better Man*, July 9). He is one of the nicest men you would ever want to meet, and his work with youngsters here has won him friends, fans and followers. San Diego loves Dave Winfield, and Dave Winfield loves San Diego.

BRIAN D. ROGERS
San Diego

Sir:

I quote from *An Ugly Affair* in Minneapolis, published in your *Best of Sports Illustrated*. "Dave Winfield, who recently joined the Gopher varsity, joined the fray, too, dodging to midcourt, where some Minnesota reserves were trying to wrestle Ohio State substitute Mark Wagar to the floor. Winfield leaped on top of Wagar when he was down and hit him five times with his right fist on the face and head." I think San Diego should take another look at its favorite son.

NED LASNIKA
Rockville, Md.

• Following the 1972 all-court brawl, two Minnesota players were suspended for the season, but Winfield was not penalized.—ED

JACK'S TROUBLES

Sir:

I suspect there is nothing wrong with Jack Nicklaus (*Jack Comes To Grips With Topic A*, July 9), except that he has come down to the level of golf the rest of the pros play on.

RONALD SELLPAU
Arlington, Va.

Sir:

Nicklaus seems to have created a Catch-22 situation for himself—if he plays frequently, he loses his zest for the game; if he plays seldom, he loses his competitive edge. It appears he must recognize that his business successes are the result of his golfing prowess. When the latter declines, so will the former. Age is not a factor, as witness Player's three consecutive victories last season and Ben's 1963 U.S. Open triumph at age 43.

GEORGE F. PLATTS
Ormond Beach, Fla.

Sir:

Barry McDermott's comments on Nicklaus' putting miseries reminded me of a very appropriate remark made by Winnie Palmer a few years ago.

"While agonizing over her husband's slide she said, 'When you're young you think you will never miss a putt. But when you get to be about 35 you begin to think you can never make one.'"

Seems as though the wives of the two great golfers have a more realistic understanding of their husbands' problems than anyone. They both used to will the ball into the hole when they putted. But that doesn't seem to work anymore, and they and the game suffer because of it.

NELLIE KING
Pittsburgh

CITY LIMITS

Sir:

Frank Deford missed the crux of the Washington sports dilemma (*A Home Without Homesteaders*, July 2). The greater metropolitan Washington area may be the eighth largest in the country, but it is still not capable of providing total support for four pro teams as well as teams from the Universities of Maryland and Virginia (basketball and football), Navy (football) plus Georgetown and George Washington Universities (both into bygone college basketball). Our fans are fine. Just don't expect us to fill up every seat for every sport.

STEVEN GRIFFMAN
Short Hills, N.J.

NET GAIN

Sir:

SI should award a Father of the Year trophy, for which the hands-down early leader has got to be Andrea Jaeger's father, Roland (I trace Yoursself, Tracy, July 9). After all, buying his own two teen-age daughters ice cream even when they lost tennis matches must come under the heading of above and beyond, well, something. I wonder how many readers of SI were affected, as I was, by that line: I salute you, Mr. Jaeger. You're beautiful, and I hope the kids truly appreciated both the ice cream and your kindness.

R.T. CONNORS
Boston

Sir:

As a junior high school coach and teacher working with kids of Andrea's age, I find that one question always comes to mind as I watch young people develop in sports: Why is it necessary to make faces at spectators, show contempt for opponents and harass linemen and officials in order to be considered a good competitor? Please, a female John McEnroe is really not needed. One McEnroe, Nastase or Connors is one too many.

BOB WALTERS
Muskegon, Mich.

Sir:

No wonder tennis players of today behave as they do. Consider the environment in which they have been raised. The Jaegers' intentions in bringing their children up through

tennis may be good, but they should be careful to realize that they are raising daughters and not tennis machines.

JONATHAN KLEN
Dallas

HORSEFACE

Sir:

Great story on the winning filly, Divorata Delie (*Doubling Up on the Triplets*, July 9). Can an expert determine if a horse is male or female from a head photo of the animal?

ROBERT A. HOLLES
Cape Coral, Fla.

• Not with any certainty, though the heads of young male racehorses tend to be shorter and broader than those of the female. But don't bet on it.—ED

A MOUTHFUL

Sir:

In FOOTLOOSE (June 18), Dr. Brad Levin is credited with "perfecting the mouthpiece back in the days of Jack Johnson." As a boxing historian, I have found no reference to the mouthpiece before the bout between welterweight champion Jack Britton and Ted (Kid) Lewis of England at the old Madison Square Garden on Feb. 7, 1921. When Lewis came out for the referee's instructions, Dan Morgan, Britton's manager, insisted that Lewis' mouthpiece be removed. A bottle royal started between the seconds and managers of the fighters. The fight went on, but Lewis had to do without the mouthpiece. Soon after this, the mouthpiece was used in training and then in fights by all boxers.

Wilfred, Dempsey and Tunney never used a mouthpiece, but the champion who followed—Schmeling, Sharkey, Camera, Baer, Louis, et al.—did.

WALTER H. JACOBS
New York City

OLYMPIC PICKLEBALL

Sir:

After including in his list of legitimate racket sports such frivolous amusements as paddle ball and squash racquets, Jon Kaplan has the audacity to call pickleball one of the "arcane offshoots . . . that seem to be invented almost daily" (*BOOKTALK*, June 11). Would that we could invent such an intensely enjoyable and highly competitive sport every day! The fact that a game uses a funny-looking ball that happens to be named after a marinated cucumber is no reason to relegate it to the absurd. Enthusiasts everywhere will be vindicated when we field our first Olympic pickleball team.

DRUMMOND REED
Anchorage, Alaska

continued



THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A BETTER TIME TO OWN AN OLDS.

The last time you looked for a new car, you looked for such things as engineering performance, room, comfort and good resale reputation. It just so happens that these are some of the qualities that helped make Oldsmobile the third best selling car nameplate in America.

Today, there is yet another quality which accounts for the current popularity of the cars of Oldsmobile—good gas mileage.

And today, with gasoline prices higher than they've ever been, there are all the reasons in the world for you to seriously consider an Olds.

Look at the gas mileage estimates for these Olds models. You'll find that each ranks high among cars of comparable size.

Remember, the circled EPA estimates are for comparison to other cars. Your mileage depends on your speed, trip length and weather; your actual highway mileage will probably be less than the highway estimate. California estimates

are lower. Oldsmobiles are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

	EPA EST Hwy	EPA EST City
OMEGA	(24)	38
CUTLASS	(19)	25
DELTA 88	(18)	27
TORONADO	(16)	22
NINETY-EIGHT	(15)	21

Getting a car with good gas mileage is one thing. Getting an Oldsmobile with good gas mileage is quite another.

So look at all the cars available today. Drive, price and compare them all. And we think you'll agree: there has never been a better time to own an Olds.

Oldsmobile

Have one built for you.



You need Money now more than ever.

MONEY is the monthly magazine that helps you come out ahead of inflation.

It's how to find inflation-beating investments...get more car, house, insurance and health care for your money...save on vacations, travel, hobbies, sports, luxuries...get better value in food, clothes, appliances, and all the products you buy...

MONEY helps you make more money, spend it more wisely, and get more enjoyment out of it. A year's subscription? Only \$17.95 for 12 big issues when you call this toll-free number. Don't just sit there and let inflation push you around. Fight back right now. Today!

800-621-8200 (in Illinois, 800-972-8302) Call Toll-Free Today to Enter Your Money Subscription. On a rate to MONEY, 541 North Fairbanks

Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611

MS1737



Sports Illustrated Subscriber Service

PLACE LABEL HERE

Change of address? Please give us 4 weeks advance notice. Attach the label for your old address, write in your new address below.

Entering a new subscription? Check the box and fill in your name below. (To order gift subscriptions, please attach a separate sheet.)

Renewing? Check the box below and be sure your mailing label address is correct.
Listing/Unlisting service? Occasionally we make our mailing list available to other Time, Inc. divisions and reputable organizations whose products or services may be of interest to you. If you prefer to have your name added or removed from this list, check the appropriate box below and attach your mailing label.

PLEASE SEND SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FOR 1 YEAR AT \$30.

- ☐ New subscription ☐ Renewal ☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later
☐ Please add my name to your mailing list
☐ Please remove my name from your mailing list

Name _____

Address _____

Appt No. _____

City _____

State/Province _____

Zip/Postcode _____

Telephone Number () _____

Account _____

For even faster service, phone toll-free 800-621-8200 (in Illinois, 800-972-8302).

Mail to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Subscription price in the U.S.: Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands: \$39 a year. All others \$35 a year. 587639

19TH HOLE continued

A GAME ON ICE

Sir:

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry when in the June 25 SCORECARD you criticized the NHL Players Association and its executive director, Alan Eagleson, for making a seemingly unnecessary concession from a bargaining position of relative strength. But had the NHLPA insisted on elimination of the equal-compensation provision as a condition of approval of the merger, you no doubt would have blasted Eagleson for holding a gun to the owners' heads and jeopardizing the stability of professional hockey for selfish reasons.

As an avid hockey fan who also happens to be a union official, I think that Eagleson and the NHLPA should be congratulated, not criticized, for the courage to make a reasonable, though difficult, decision. The players are smart and unselfish enough to realize that Montreal vs. Quebec City or Boston vs. New England is good for hockey and ultimately good for the players.

PETER CALHOUN
President-Business Agent
Amalgamated Transit Union
Local 1580, AFL-CIO
St. Paul

Sir:

I agree that it is time for Eagleson to doff one of his many hats. Ranger fans have been disenchanted with Eagleson ever since he and NHL President John Ziegler ganged up on Don Murdoch.

The NHL had no business suspending Murdoch for half a season for a drug arrest that had nothing to do with his role as a hockey player. I had hoped that the Players Association would support Murdoch in his appeal of the suspension. But such support was not forthcoming.

Not only did the association not do anything to help Murdoch, but Executive Director Eagleson went out of his way to badmouth him as well. I doubt very much if Eagleson would have sounded so righteous if Murdoch had been one of his clients.

There is also the matter of the dispiriting remarks Eagleson made during last season about the future of the Pittsburgh franchise. He made it sound as though the franchise was sure to fold at a time when the team was playing well and management was working hard to attract new fans and solve its financial problems.

The ease with which the merger went through indicated to me that Eagleson has some strange ideas about how best to serve the interests of the players he is supposed to be working for.

MARIE M. KNOX
Stony Brook, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020

IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY - A BLEND - 80 PROOF - CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

**LORD
CALVERT
CANADIAN**
*Canadian Whisky - A Blend
of choice matured spirits*

Right to the finish, its Canadian spirit stands out from the ordinary. What keeps the flavor coming? Super lightness. Superb taste. If that's where you'd like to head, set your course for Lord Calvert Canadian.

The unique spirit of Canada:
We bottled it.

"I want the best taste
I can get.
I get it from Winston."



BOX: 19 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
KING: 20 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Soft Pack or Box.